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REQUIEM.

BY R. L. S.

Under the wide and stormy sky
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADGE slept little that night. Her boy lover of five years ago, and the handsome young man with the fluent speech and strangely watchful eyes, appeared to her in alternate visions; and when she awoke in the morning from a fitful slumber, it was with that sense of trouble and doubt with which most of us are acquainted, and which always comes brooding over us like an ominous raven in the first moments of returning consciousness.

She went about her work during the day in a kind of dream; but she paid her usual visit of charity of the village, and found every woman brimming over with gossip about the young lord, who had come back for good. But Madge could not be induced to talk about him, and got home as soon as possible.

On her way back she caught a glimpse of Lord Norman. He was riding a fiery young horse across the park—riding it with the evident intention of breaking its spirit, for Madge saw that the animal was cruelly bitted, and that its rider used a heavy whip frequently and mercilessly.

She turned away in pain and hurried on. That her Lord Norman—whose image she had been cherishing in her heart—could be guilty of sheer cruelty!

She noticed as she passed by the hedge that the whole place seemed to be in a stir and bustle, as if a new will and spirit had already made its influence felt. Men were hurrying to and fro, talking loudly, giving and receiving hurried orders. It was plain to her that the new lord intended rousing the Chase from its long quietude.

Her grandfather, usually so perfectly placid and silent, seemed at luncheon to be disturbed from his ordinary calm.

"You look worried, grandfather," she said. "Is anything the matter?"

"No—n-o, my dear. That is, nothing very much. The whole place seems to be upset this morning. But that is only natural. The home-coming of the heir——"

"ALL THIS DOES NOT CONCERN ME," SAID MADGE. "PLEASE GIVE ME THOSE THINGS."

"Have you seen him?" she asked.

The old man nodded with slightly knitted brow.

"Yes; he came into the west palm-house soon after breakfast."

"And—and did you like him, grandfather?" she asked.

"Well"—he hesitated—"I ought not to answer one way or the other, for he was only in the house a few minutes; but——"

"But what?" she answered, in a low voice.

"Well, what opinion did you form of him last night, Madge? You sat at the same table with him, and heard him talk—perhaps spoke to him."

Madge kept her eyes on her plate.

"Yes, I spoke to him," she replied, almost inaudibly. "But—but it was all so strange to me, and perhaps he did not appear at his best. He, too, must have felt strange."

"Then he did not impress you favorably?" said Mr. Gordon. "That is just how it was with me. I was quite prepared to like him, and to give him a respectful welcome; but—well, he did not remember me——"

"Not remember you?" she cried with troubled surprise. Surely her grandfather had not changed so much in five years as to render recognition difficult!

"No; and yet I met him several times about the garden, and spoke to him, when he was here as a boy, and that is only about five years ago. He had not the slightest recollection of me until I told him my name, and reminded him that we had met before; and then he was—well anything but civil, and swearing at the heat of the house, wanted to know whether it was necessary to keep it at that infernal temperature, and walked—I was going to say, swaggered—out. I'm afraid, from what little I saw of him, that he has not the best of tempers."

Madge sighed.

"You will not have to see much of him, dear," she murmured caressingly. But the old gentleman shook his head.

"I don't know. Things will be altered very much here, I think. Ever since I have been in charge of the gardens I have been to all intents and purposes my own master; absolutely free to come and go, and to order things as I chose; but I think that will all be changed now."

The young lord had already asserted his authority, and taken up his position as the heir and future master of Chesney!

"He had been round the stables before he came into the hothouse, and from what I heard dropped by the head groom and the coachman, he was as displeased and dissatisfied with the stable arrangements as he was with my palm-house. The horses were all wrong—miserable screws and hacks—and the stables were, he said, quite out of date. Yes, 'Changes are imminent,' as Shakespeare says."

Madge sighed again. Lord Norman, five years ago, had seemed to her the sweetest-tempered boy, even when he had knocked young Silas Fletcher down. How changed!

The afternoon wore away, and in the dusk of the darkening twilight she went into the garden and seated herself on the old rustic seat to await Lord Norman.

She had half thought of sending word to him that there was no need for him to come—that, indeed, she did not wish to see him. But in the end she deemed it better to see him, and hear what he had to say; to tell him in a few words that she was as ready as he to forget the childish romance which had passed between them.

She sat and waited, remembering vividly how she had sat and waited on that same spot five years ago, with her hands clasped on her lap, and presently she heard a step behind the laurel hedge. The gate opened, and Lord Norman came across the small grass plot to her side.

He was dressed in a suit of cords, which set off his graceful, well-made figure to the best advantage, and something in his walk and manner recalled the boy—Lord Norman—to Madge, and made her heart beat fast.

"Good evening—Madge," he said, with a slight hesitation between his words, and raising his hat. "I trust I have not kept you waiting. I have been looking at a young cob I think of buying."

"No," said Madge in a low voice, which was, however, perfectly steady. "I have come as you asked me, and I promised, though I am sorry that I had so promised, for I do not know what you can have to say to me, Lord Norman."

"I should have thought you would have guessed!" he said, in a reproachful tone. "Have you forgotten what passed between us when last we met and parted?"

"No," said Madge, with tremulous lip, but forcing a smile. "But I thought you had forgotten it, Lord Norman; and, indeed——"

"Forgotten it!" he broke in, with outstretched hand, and a gesture which might have struck Madge, if she had looked at him, as rather theatrical. "Forgotten it! Oh, no. I have thought of it often and often. This charming little spot has often appeared before me in my dreams. Why, it is here that we first met; it is on this very seat that you and I sat that day we read ——"—he paused a second—"Robinson Crusoe. Do you remember how proud I was of my illustrated edition, and how cosily we sat and looked at them? It was in at that gate," he looked round, "that—that the boy, what was his name?—oh, yes, Fisher, no Fletcher—Silas Fletcher—came. What a fight it was! And you took the blow intended for me! Forget! Why, it is all engraven in my memory, and can never be effaced."

Madge forced a smile, but her face was very pale.

"And then the night we parted!" He looked at the cottage, and laughed softly, and sighed. "In my dreams I have often climbed up that lattice and heard your voice as you bade me good-bye."

Madge half rose. It was almost more than she could bear, this glib recital of the incidents which she had nursed in her girlish memory as something sacred.

"Don't you remember how we plighted troth, you and I? That I got you to promise to wait until I had made my fortune, and returned to make you my wife?"

Madge rose, and half turned away from him; then by an effort she controlled herself, and resuming her seat with set face and tightly compressed lips.

He watched her intently, with well-concealed anxiety. The afternoon was a dull one, the light waning, but he could see the trouble on her face, in her eyes.

"Ah, these boyish dreams!" he went on with a half-sad, half tender accent. "How sweet they are! Sometimes I had to try hard to persuade myself that they were not more substantial than dreams, that all this had really happened." He paused, and his hand went to his pocket. "But," he went on slowly, impressively, and watching her closely, "you know I had a token—tokens—to remind me of their reality. Do you remember what they are? I am afraid you have forgotten, Madge!"

Her lips parted, but she did not speak.

"Do you remember giving me a lock of your hair, and permitting me to keep your handkerchief?"

Madge recovered her voice at last.

"Why—why do you recall all this, Lord Norman?" she said, trying to speak lightly, and as if she were amused by his reminiscences of the past. "I think I was foolish enough to act as you stated: a mere child——"

"With a woman's heart!" he said, "But, yes, you were a mere child—we were both children; and yet I'll be bound you were the first to forget—or rather, to realize that it all meant nothing. You were the first to lose my little gift, the token of exchange for yours. You remember what it was? That boy's dearest companion, prized and treasured—his knife. I bought it for you that morning in the village——"

Madge started and looked up at him. His dark, handsome eyes seemed to shrink from her gaze, and instantly to become watchful and on the alert.

"What is the matter?" he asked quietly.

Madge laughed with gentle scorn.

"You have forgotten something at last, Lord Norman," she said. "The knife was not bought for me, it was an old one—had even two broken blades. See!" And she took the knife from her pocket and held it out to him, but with averted eyes.

How often and in solitude had she held that knife in her hand and gazed at it, with all a girl's tender, trustful sentiment.

Where was that sentiment now?

He bit his lip as he took the knife and examined it. And as he took it, it seemed to Madge as if something which had bound her to her girl life by a loving gentle tie, had been broken, and take from her. Only a boy's broken knife, and yet it had meant so much to her!

"Of course!" he said with a laugh that covered his annoyance at his slip. "I remember it was an old one which I bought at a second-hand shop——"

She laughed with indifference. "You are wrong again, Lord Norman. It was a knife you had at school. Did not Smith, minor, break the two blades?"

"Of course!" he said, laughing again. "How stupid of me to forget——"

His voice had grown hard, and something in it sent a chill through Madge's heart. It was as if she had never known that voice before, as if it were utterly strange to her. She shrank a little, and looked up at him. By this time she could not see his face plainly, but, notwithstanding, it seemed to her as if it had grown paler, and as if the lines at the mouth had become deeper.

"And you kept my poor old knife," he said quickly; "kept it as I have kept your tokens. See!" He took out a thin pocket-book from his breast pocket, and opening it, held it out to her. "Look, Madge! There is the precious lock of hair, and the dear little handkerchief; I have kept them all these years. You recognize them? Through all these years I have kept them."

Madge rose. The strange, the horrible idea—too formless to be called an idea—that this man with Lord Norman's voice and form and manner was yet not Lord Norman, which had flashed across her mind, gave way before this sight of those two simple tokens of her girlish love and betrothal.

Her heart beat, her eyes filled with tears.

"I see you have kept them, Lord Norman," she said, trying hard to speak steadily, lightly. "It was very thoughtful of you. As now, I think, you may return them. As you said just now, they were but the tokens of a childish romance. I am afraid both of us were painfully precocious. Give them to me, please."

She held out her hand.

He drew his back.

"Forgive me," he murmured; "though I fear you have ceased to attach any importance to that romance, I shall cherish at least the memory of it in my heart. Doubtless so beautiful and altogether charming a young lady as you, Miss Gordon, has received much more worthy admiration and homage than that which I, a raw and clumsy schoolboy, laid at your feet. I would not dare to lay any claims to your regard given in those childish——"

Madge rose—her face paled and then flushed—her eyes flashing.

"Oh, pray, Lord Norman!" she said—and before this lovely, indignant face, this tall slim figure, straight as an arrow, and drawn to its full height, he shrank back cowed and awed. "If you had asserted any claim I could not have acknowledged it. The vows which you and I exchanged five years ago were, as you say, too childish to be worth a moment of our consideration now that you and I have come to years of discretion. If—which indeed is not likely—you have attached any importance to them, pray cast it off. If I have not forgotten that romance, I have learned its worthlessness, its unreality."

He stood before her with folded arms, his eyes fixed on her face, watching her, and listening intently.

With a catch in her voice she hurried on.

"Even if there was anything real in those vows, I—now that I am older—know that they could not be kept. I have grown to understand the difference between us, Lord Norman. I did not understand, appreciate it five years ago, when in childish folly I listened to you and—and exchanged promises with you. I know now that a wide, and an impassable gulf stretches between you, Lord Chesney's granddaughter."

His face had flushed, the look of admiration flashed into his eyes. He took a step forward, as if to take her in his arms; then he paused, just in time, and regained control of himself.

"I cannot assent to that view of the case," he said. "You are a lady, beautiful, very beautiful,"—she shrank back with averted face—"worthy of any station, however lofty, and—and—— But, Madge, Miss Gordon, fate is against me. My heart prompts me to cast myself at your feet, and implore you to ratify and renew your childish vow; but——"

With a theatrical gesture he shrugged his shoulders, and turned his head away.

"—But I am not free. My uncle has planned out my future. I, who have caused him so much trouble and anxiety, owe obedience to him."

"All this does not concern me, Lord Norman!" said Madge. "Please give me—those—those things."

She held out her hand for the handkerchief and lock of hair.

He made as if he were going to give them, then drew his hand back.

"Forgive me, bear with me! I cannot part with them. Leave me at least these souvenirs of those past days which I have

cherished so constantly, so warmly."

Madge turned from him with a wave of her hand. It conveyed indifference, almost contempt.

"Pray keep them if they have any value in your eyes, Lord Norman. They have none in mine. Good-night!" And with a quick, but yet not hurried step, with her beautiful head proudly erect, she crossed the lawn and entered the cottage.

He stood looking after her for a moment, as he folded and carefully replaced the packet in his pocket; then he passed through the gate into the great garden.

"By heaven, she was splendid!" he muttered. "After all, I'm not sure that even Lady Sybil doesn't pale her ineffectual fires before her. That flash of the eyes as she renounced me! Phew! Another moment and I should have made a fool of myself, and been at her feet. Lovely, lovely! An Empress—a queen; and yet a woman with a woman's heart and tenderness—all fire! But, no, no; that would not do! The future Earl of Chesney must not marry his gardener's granddaughter."

He flung himself down under a tree and lit his old black pipe and smoked reflectively for a few minutes. "That was a narrow squeak about the knife. I thought it was all up then. There was something in her eyes—what wonderful eyes they are! If they had looked at me with tenderness, with love, for only one moment, I should have been a gone coon! There was something in them which seemed to indicate suspicion. If I had faltered, broken down, the game would have been up. Yes, it is Madge Gordon, Lord Norman's girl love, that I've got to fear. Love, they say, is keen of sight. It's wonderful that she has not detected me. And yet not so wonderful; I had it all pat enough; and the handkerchief and the lock of hair. But for those—— Great heavens! what a risk I run while she is near!"

His handsome face darkened, his brows lowered—growing very like the earl's—and his even teeth closed over his pipe-stem savagely. "Yes, my pretty one, you will have to go. You know too much; your memory is too acute. Lord Norman and Madge Gordon cannot breathe the same air with safety—to him, at any rate. You will have to go!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

He sauntered to the house, and stood for a minute or two at the bottom of the steps, and looked along its great length, glowing with lighted windows. As he entered the hall the earl's valet came to him.

"The earl regrets that he is too unwell to dine with your lordship to-night, and he would be glad, my lord, if you will see him in the library when you have dined."

"Tell his lordship I will come to him directly after dinner, and that I am sorry he is not well," said Lord Norman, and he crossed the hall and rang the bell. The butler answered it.

"Let me see, we dine at——?"

"Eight, my lord."

"Yes; well, then, bring me a soda and whisky, Robins."

"Yes, my lord. Mr. Fletcher has been waiting to see you, my lord. He has only just gone, almost as your lordship came in."

"Ah, yes; Fletcher, the steward," said Lord Norman. "Did I miss him, I wonder? Let me see, he's a short——"

"Oh, no, my lord, Mr. Fletcher is tall and thin—very thin," said Robins, with a smile.

"Of course!" observed Lord Norman, "I remember. I'm sorry I was out. I want to see him. We seem to have missed each other this morning. Has he seen the earl?"

"No, my lord. The earl has seen no one this morning. He is not well enough."

Lord Norman listened rather thoughtfully, but he said quite carelessly—

"I suppose Mr. Fletcher manages the whole of the estate?"

"Mr Fletcher manages everything, my lord," replied Robins, with significant emphasis.

"I understand; including the earl, eh?" said Lord Norman.

Mr. Robins smiled, and as he went for the soda and whisky Lord Norman stared at the floor thoughtfully.

"I hope Mr. Fletcher and I shall get on together," he muttered.

He lit a cigar and was smoking furiously when Robins returned. The stately butler glanced with surprise at the cigar, and coughed nervously.

"What's the matter?" asked Lord Norman, who appeared to notice every change of expression on people's faces. "Smoking forbidden on deck?"

Robins looked embarrassed,

"Smoking is not—er—generally done in the hall, my lord," he stammered.

Lord Norman laughed.

"Where is the smoking-room?" he inquired. "You see I was too young when I was here last to smoke—except in private."

Mr. Robins led him to a rather dull room at the back of the library, and Lord Norman eyed it with anything but favor.

"As usual, the dingiest room in the house!" he exclaimed. "I should go melancholy mad if I sat in this den long. We must find another room more cheerful than this, looking into the terrace and the garden. And look here, I'll have some guns and fishing-rods, and whips, and that kind of thing. I'll make it a sort of bachelor's room; and you must have a cellaret, with some liquor always handy. See, Robins?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Meanwhile, I suppose, I must use this. By-the-way, where does that door lead to—back of there? The room's full of doors."

"That one opens into the library, my lord; but it is never used. There's a thick curtain on the other side. Perhaps your lordship may remember?"

"Oh, I only looked into it last night," said Lord Norman carelessly.

"I alluded to the time when you were staying here, my lord."

"Oh—ah—yes!" said Lord Norman quickly. "I remember it now."

He stood looking round a moment, then he said—

"After all, this isn't such a bad room, Robins. I'm inclined to think that I'll keep it. That other door leads to the garden, I suppose? Yes, I'll stick to it. But we'll make it a deal more cheerful, or know the reason why."

"Yes, my lord," said Robins, respectfully. "Shall I speak to Mr. Fletcher?"

"Mr. Fletcher? What the deuce has Mr. Fletcher—— Oh, I see! No, we'll manage it between us, without troubling Mr. Fletcher. Oh, by-the-way, Robins, that old man, the head gardener, Mr. Gordon; he has been here a long time, hasn't he?"

"Yes, my lord; a very long time."

"Seems rather a drowsy old slow-coach," said Lord Norman, plunging himself into a chair and putting his legs on another. "Getting past his work, isn't he?"

Robins looked surprised.

"Oh, I don't think so, my lord. He doesn't do much work, so to speak. He simply overlooks the gardens and conservatories and tropical houses. Mr. Gordon's quite a famous man, my lord, and is not expected to work."

"Oh! Then he is paid for doing nothing—that's what it comes to. I should have thought the earl would have preferred to have had a younger and more energetic man."

"Yes, my lord," said Robins, with respectful dubiousness. "I—fancy the earl is glad to have him; he's quite famous, you see, my lord. And, too——"

"Well?" said Lord Norman, turning his keen eyes upon him.

"I was only going to say, my lord, that the earl seems to have taken a liking for Miss Madge, Mr. Gordon's granddaughter. They have been very much together lately. Your lordship knows she dined here last night; and I don't think the earl would like to dismiss her grandfather. You see, my lord, there is so much money——"

"That everybody thinks it ought to be wasted, eh?" said Lord Norman, with a laugh. "All right. You may go. Remember about this room; and, for a start you can tell the person, whose business it is, to put some decent comfortable furniture into it—and at once."

When Robins had gone, Lord Norman got up and went across the room, examining the doors carefully. They were thick and heavy. He tried that leading to the library, but it was locked.

"I must have a key to that," he said. I'll have first rate locks put upon all of them. Yes, this room will do," he said, as he opened the door leading to the garden, and looked out.

"There's one disadvantage in the size of the place," he muttered, "though I ought to be the last to grumble at the vastness of the home of my ancestors—and that is, that it takes some time to learn it."

Probably impelled by this reflection, he pitched his cigar away and spent the time before the dressing bell in going over the place; and at every turn he was almost fain to exclaim with wonder at the size and magnificence of the great house.

"By heaven!" he muttered, when he had reached his room and began to dress. "It is fit for a prince—a prince!"

Though he was going to dine alone, he dressed with extreme care, and when the dinner bell clanged from the tower, he descended the stairs, his head held proudly erect, his eyes glowing with self-satisfaction.

The meal was served in a smaller room than that in which the party had dined on the preceding night; but it was as rich in its old carved oaks and costly appointments as the other, and the young man leant back between the courses and looked about him with an air of approval and enjoyment. Two footmen stood behind his chair, the butler hovered about him. Every want was supplied almost before he felt it. The lights of the wax candles coming through their shades of red silk, fell softly upon the exquisite glass, the rich orchids and magnificent plate. The choicest viands were offered for his selection; the menu was the work of a chef who was one of the first artists in England. What more could a man desire? And it was all his—or nearly his—would, indeed, very soon be absolutely his!

He leant back and smiled, and drew a long breath, and emptied at a draught the glass of priceless Burgundy which Robins carefully poured out for him.

After dinner he went on to the terrace and smoked a cigar, and, with half-closed eyes, peered over the great gardens, the wide-stretching lawns. Beyond he knew,

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

THE AWAKENING.

BY L. C.

Reluctant, and with many a backward glance,
King Winter turned to go,
Ofttimes returning with a dismal wail,
While Spring, affrighted, hushed her early song,
But kept her unseen forces all at work.
Then, step by step, the tyrant loses ground;
The chains of ice that held the streamlets fast
Are risen, and the captive wanders free.
The snowy mantle wove by frosty air
Becomes the nectar of the wakening earth.

At length the pitying clouds open wide their doors,
And showered their wealth as freely
As the sun his warmth and light.
The gentle rain unlocked the swelling buds,
And with a bound, the foliage rushed out.
Flowers sprang to bossom, and the humble grass
Put on a richer hue than was its wont,
And Spring in youthful beauty clothed and crowned,
Ascends her throne, the queen of all the year.

Hugged by a Serpent.

BY A. C. S.

I WAS brought up near the Canada line in Vermont. My father owned a large farm, though he was an iron worker by by trade. I think he made some of the best rifles ever used. Not far from his farm was quite a lake, where we used to enjoy ourselves at fishing and sailing; for we had one of the best sail-boats ever put into fresh water. We knew that there were plenty of snakes about the lake—especially around one part of it—a wide piece of flats, where the water lay most of the year, and where the tall grass and reeds grew thickly. It was a sort of bay, making up into a cove on the opposite side from the farm. We had seen some large snakes in the water there, and I had tried to shoot them as they swam with their heads up, though I never happened to get one of them in that way. I am sure I hit some of them, but they managed to get away into the grass; and I had no desire to follow them, especially into such a place. Most of those that I saw were the common black water-snake, but they were not all alike. Some of the largest ones had a light-colored ring around the neck; and I was old by those who knew, that these latter were by far the strongest and most dangerous.

However, I was destined soon to have my eyes opened. One afternoon, I saw a flock of black ducks fly over the house, and I was sure they lighted on the lake, so I seized my double-barrelled gun and ammunition, and started off. When I reached the landing, I saw the ducks away off by the opposite shore. I at once cut some green boughs with my knife; and having rigged up the bows of a small flat-bottomed scull we kept on purpose for such work, I jumped in, and started off. There was a hole in the stern through which we could put the oar, and thus scull the boat without sitting up in sight, so from where the ducks were my contrivance had the appearance of only a simple mass of boughs floating along upon the water.

I had got near enough for a shot, and had drawn in the scull, and was in the act of taking up my gun, when the ducks started up. As quickly as possible I drew one hammer and let drive. I hit two of them, but they didn't fall into the water. They fluttered along until they fell among the tall grass up in the cove. The water was low, and the place was dry where they were. I pulled up as far as I could, and then got out and waded up. I knew very near where one of the ducks had fallen, and very soon had my eye on it. As I ran up to take it, I saw the head of a black snake pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw only the head and neck of the reptile, and had no idea how large a one it was; or, if I had, probably I should have done just as I did, for I had no idea of fearing such a thing. So I just run up and snatched the bird away. I had left my gun in the boat, and had nothing to kill the chap with; but as I took the duck, I just put my foot upon the thief's neck.

The ground was moist and slimy, and as the snake had his body braced among the roots of the stout reeds, he took his head out from under my foot about as quick as a man could comfortably think. I thought I'd run back to my boat and get my gun, and try to kill this fellow; and I had just turned for that purpose, when I felt something strike my leg, as though somebody had thrown a rope around it. I looked down, and found that the snake had taken a turn around my left leg with his tail, and was in the act of clearing his body from the grass. I dropped the duck and gave a smart kick, but that didn't loosen him; so I tried to put my right foot upon him, and thus draw my left leg away; but I might as well have tried to put my foot on to a streak of lightning!

And hadn't I been deceived? I had forgotten the proportionate size of the head of this species of black snake. I had expected to see a snake four or five feet long; but instead of that he was nearly eight feet and a-half! I tell ye, I looked ten ways for home about that time. Still, I hadn't yet any great fear, for I supposed that when I came to put my hands on to him, I could easily take him off, for I was pretty strong in the arms. In a few seconds he had his body all clear, and it was then that the first real thrill shot through me. There he held himself by the simple turn around my leg, and with his back arched in and out, he brought his head just on a level with mine. I made a grab for him, but missed him; and then, as quick as you can snap your finger, he swept his head around under my arm—clear around my body—and then straightened up and looked me in the face again. I gave another grab at him—and another, as quick as I could, but he dodged me in spite of all I could do.

I next felt the snake's body working its way. The turn of the tail was changed to my thigh, and the coil around my stomach commenced to tighten. About this time I began to think there might be some serious work, and the quicker I took the snake off the better. So I just grasped him as near the head as possibly, by taking hold where he was around me—for he couldn't dodge that part, you know—and tried to turn him off. But this only made it worse. The fellow had now drawn himself up so high, and stretched himself so, and he whipped another turn about me. His tail was now around my left thigh, and the rest of him turned twice around my body—one of them being just at the pit of my stomach, and the other one above it. All this had occupied just about half a minute from the time he first got a turn around my leg.

The snake now had his head right around in front of my face, and he tried to make his way to my mouth! What his intention was I cannot surely tell, though I have always believed that he knew he could strangle me in that way. He struck me one blow in the mouth that hurt me considerably; and after that I got him by the neck, and there I meant to hold him—at least, so that he should not strike me again.—But about this time another difficulty arose. The moment I grasped the snake by the neck, he commenced to tighten his folds about my body! It wasn't over a few seconds before I discovered that he'd soon squeeze the breath out of me in that way, and I determined to unwind him. He was wound in this way: The turn around the thigh was from left to right—then up between the legs to my right side, and around the back to my left side—and so on with the second turn—thus bringing his head up from under my left arm. I had the snake now with the left hand, and my idea was to pass his head around my back until I could reach it with my right, and so unwind him. I could press the fellow's head down under my arm, but to get it around so as to reach it with my right hand, I could not! I tried—I put all my power into that one arm, but I could not do it. I could get the head just about under my arm-pit; but here my strength was applied to a disadvantage, and I could do no more!

Until this moment I had not been really frightened. I had believed that I could unwind the serpent when I tried. I never dreamed what power they had. Why—only think—as strong as I was then—and could not put that snake's head around my back! I tried it until I knew that I could not do it, and then I gave it up. My next thought was of my jack-knife; but the lower coil of the snake was directly over my pocket, and I could not get it.

I now, for the first time, called out for help. I yelled with all my might; and yet I knew the trial was next to useless, for no one could easily gain the place where I was, except with a boat. Yet I called out, hoping against hope. I grasped the snake by the body and pulled—I tried to break its neck. This plan presented itself with a gleam of promise; but it amounted to nothing. I might as well have tried to break a rope by bending forward or backward!

A full minute had now passed from the time when first I tried to pass the snake's head around my back. His body had becoming so elongated by his gradual pressure around my body, that he had room to carry his head around in a free and symmetrical curve. He had slipped from my grasp, and when I next caught him, I found that I was weaker than before! I could not hold him! The excitement had prevented me from noticing this until now. For a few moments I was in a perfect frenzy. I leaped up and down—cried out as loud as I could—and grasped the snake with all my might. But it availed me nothing. He slipped his head from my weakened hand, and made a blow at my face, striking me fairly upon the closed lips. This made me mad, and I gave the infernal thing another grasp with both hands, trying once more to twist his neck. The only result was, that I got another blow upon the mouth!

But the moment of need was at hand. I felt the coils growing tighter and tighter around my body, and my breath was getting weak. A severe pain was beginning to result from the pressure, and I saw that the snake would soon have length enough for another turn. He was drawn so tightly, that the centre of his body was no bigger than his head! The black skin was drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost, and yet I could tell by the working of the large hard scales upon the belly that he was drawing himself tighter still!

"For God's sake!" I gasped, stricken with absolute terror, "what shall I do?" What could I do? The enemy for whom I had at first held so little thought was killing me—killing me slowly, openly, surely—and I had no help! I, a stout,

strong man, was being actually held at the deadly will of a black snake! My breath was now short, faint, and quick, and I knew that I was growing purple in the face! My hands and arms were swollen, and my fingers were numbed! I had let go of the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part of his body in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness.

At length I staggered! I was losing my strength rapidly, and the pain of my body had become excruciating. The snake's skin where it was coiled about me was so tight that it seemed almost transparent. He had found me, or I had found him, in a state of hunger, his stomach free from food, and his muscular force unimpaired. A second time I staggered, and objects began to swim before me. A dizzy sensation was in my head, a faintness at my heart, and a pain the most agonizing in my body! The snake now had three feet of body free. He had drawn himself certainly three feet longer than before. He darted his head under my right arm, and brought it up over my shoulder; and pressing his under jaw firmly down, there he gave a sudden wind that made me groan with pain. Dach moment was an age of agony!—each second a step nearer to death!

My knife! Oh! if I could reach it! Why not? Why not tear it out? My arms were free. Mercy! why had I not thought of this before—when my hands had some strength in them? Yet I would try it. I collected all my remaining power for the effort, and made the attempt. My trowsers were of blue cotton stuff, and very strong—I could not tear it! I thought of the stitches. They might not be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth upon the inside of my thigh, and gave my last atom strength to the effort. The stitches started—they gave way! This result gave me hope, and hope gave me power. Another pull—with both hands—and the pocket was laid bare! With all the remaining force I could command—with hope of life—of home—of everything I loved on earth, in the effort—I caught the pocket upon the inside and bore down upon it. There was a cracking of the threads—a sound of tearing cloth—and—my knife was in my hands.

I had yet sense enough to know that the smallest blade was the sharpest, and I opened it. With one quick, nervous movement I pressed the keen edge upon the tense skin, and drew it across. With a dull, tearing snap the body parted, and the snake fell to the ground in two pieces! I staggered to the boat—I reached it, and there sank down. I know nothing more until I heard a voice calling me by name. I opened my eyes, and looked up. My father stood over me with terror depicted upon his countenance. I told him my story as best I could. He went up and got the duck I had taken from the snake—the other one he could not find—and also brought along the two pieces I had made of my enemy. He told me he had heard me cry out, and at once started off in the large boat after me, though it was a long while ere he saw my boat. I had lain there over half-an-hour when he found me.

When he reached home, the snake was measured, and found to be eight feet and four inches in length! It was a month before I fully recovered from the effects of that hugging; and to this day there is something in the very name of snake that sends a chill of horror to my heart!

TYPE SETTING machines were suggested for book-work as early as 1842.

A JOURNEY THROUGH KOREA.—On the fifth day, says an Asiatic traveler, I branched into untrodden country for the purpose of visiting a remarkable range, called Keum Kang San, or Diamond Mountains, where the most notable collection of Buddhist monasteries in Korea is to be found. There was a considerable change in the configuration of the land as we progressed eastward from Keum-Seng. The valleys contracted into narrow, rocky glens; forests of oak, pine, maple, and chestnut clothed the steeper and loftier slopes; and cover, sufficiently thick to delight the heart of the sportsman, abounded everywhere. On the morning of the sixth day we were stopped in a little village called Mari-kei, by the news that a pass in front was too steep for laden animals. Bearers were, of course, the only alternative. The weather was very wet, and, knowing the invincible dislike of Koreans to work under rain, I felt that a delay was inevitable. To make matters worse, the head-man, upon whom I relied for assistance in hiring the men I wanted, was absent, but his wife proved a capable substitute, and seemed to fill her husband's place with unquestioned authority. Between bullying and coaxing, she rapidly pressed twenty reluctant men into my service. Poor fellows! They gave me the impression that they had yielded out of sheer inability to cope with the torrent of mingled blandishment and invective which she poured on them. The subjection of women, which is probably the commonest of accepted theories in the East, received a fresh blow in my mind, and the whole incident strengthened an opinion I have gradually acquired, that women in these parts of the world, if the truth were known, fill a higher place, and wield a far greater influence than they are usually credited with.

THE SIZE OF TEXAS.—In any way you look at it, Texas is a very great and very remarkable State. Everybody has heard of its size, of the fact that it contains 274,000 square miles, or 175,000,000 acres, and everybody has seen the comparison of its area with that of a number of European countries which has often gone the rounds of the press. These figures and these comparisons do not convey an adequate idea of its vastness. Let us take a few others that will help to show how big Texas is. Entering the State at Orange on the Southern Pacific Railroad, in a through car bound from New Orleans to San Francisco, you can travel a thousand miles on the same road in a line as straight as the usual "air line road" before you cross the borders at El Paso. And when you have reached El Paso you are 500 miles nearer to California than you are to Orange. If you take the map of the United States and draw an easterly line from the southern end of Texas, it will pass through the lowest point of the coast of Florida, while a line from the northern limit of the State almost touches Norfolk. The western line of Texas is about forty or fifty miles farther west than Denver, while a line from the eastern border would pass between Jefferson and St. Louis, Mo. Another illustration will probably show the area of the State better than any of the foregoing facts. Take a correct map of the country—not a railroad map—and cut out the State of Texas; stick a pin through the centre of it and let this central point rest on Nashville. The northern limit of Texas will then cover Chicago, the southern will reach the Gulf at Mobile, the eastern will strike Raleigh, N. C., and the western side will reach Little Rock, Ark. All that mighty empire in area covered by the map of Texas will give some conception of the immensity of this State.

Bric-a-Brac.

NOT A WOMAN NOR A CAT.—There is a mining camp called "Bachelor's Rest," about 60 miles north of Tucson, Ariz., and the population now numbers upward of 800. There is not a woman nor a cat in the camp, and 200 of the men have advertised for wives in a Tucson paper. They must be of good character, and understand the duties of a household. The richest miner offers a dowry of $10,000.

TIT FOR TAT.—Henry Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," was a lawyer by profession. During a visit to the Highlands of Scotland for grouse shooting, he made the acquaintance of a general who also was of the company. One day after dinner, there was some talk at table about poisons—ratsbane and laurel especially. Quoth the general to Mackenzie, "We say in England that ratsbane will not kill a lawyer." "Indeed," replied the man of law, "that is odd, for in Scotland we say some generals are in no danger from laurel."

WHAT WAS THE "VINEGAR" BIBLE?—Very trifling blunders have sometimes been enough to make an issue of the Bible famous. The edition of the "Vinegar" Bible is a case in point. In 1717 a printer named J. Baskett printed a large folio Bible in two volumes. In the head-line of the twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Luke the word "Vinegar" appeared in mistake for "Vineyard," and the phrase ran, "The Parable of the Vinegar." It is odd that the error occurs in another edition also issued by Baskett about the same date.

DEW DROPS.—Country folk have better chances of observing natural features than people that live in towns, and so they often call things by names that would not occur to the city-bred. Thus, the first meal in the morning is known as the "dew bit;" the piece of bread that used to be given to farm servants when they went out early, before breakfast, was the "dew piece;" the heavy boot or shoe, oiled against damp, was the "dew beater," a name that has also been given to all early walkers; the first draught of tea or beer allowed to harvesters was the "dew cup;" and stones, such as limestones, that more easily collected dew on their surfaces than other sorts of stones, were styled "dew stones."

HOW THE ESKIMO COUNT.—The Eskimo count their fingers—one, two, three, four, five. Above five and up to ten they use the second hand: thus, six is "the first finger of the other hand." Above ten they employ the toes. Thirteen, for instance, is "three toes upon the one foot," and eighteen, "three toes on the second foot." Twenty they describe as a "whole man." They seldom go farther than this, but they can do so if necessary. For example, they express twenty-two by saying, "two on the second man;" thirty-seven by "two toes on the second man's second foot;" forty is "the whole of a second man." According to Dr. Nansen they cannot, or at least do not, count beyond one hundred, which is "the whole of the fifth man."

DO FISHES RECOLLECT?—Mr. Seth Green, an authority upon the rearing of fishes, kept in a pond a large number of trout that had been caught by means of a fly and barbless hook. The men were ordered to take them quietly and gently, so that they had plenty of time to study the tackle by which they had been captured. Mr. Green believed the trout never forgot this experience of theirs. He used sometimes to walk by the side of the pond feeling the fishes, but carrrying behind his back a cane and a fishing-rod. The trout would follow him for bread, and when he suddenly waved his cane over them, though startled at the time, they soon returned for the food. Presently he would raise his fishing-rod, but the moment the trout saw it they darted to the far end of the pond, and remained in hiding for the rest of the day.

PLEASURE is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

though he could not see them, lay the acres and acres of park and the meadows and fields which comprised the Home Farm.

Beyond this again, for miles, rose the land which for centuries had belonged to the Cheeneys, and with farms, and hamlets, and villages on its bosom. All his, or very soon to be his!

He threw back his head and looked up at the stars and laughed softly, in the glow of the passion of possession which ran through his veins.

A footman came out.

"The earl would like to see you, my lord," he said.

Lord Norman started slightly. He had forgotten the earl.

He flung his cigar away, and following the footman, was ushered into the library.

The earl was seated in a huge armchair by the deep fireplace, his bony hands resting on the arms of the chair, his head sunk on his breast.

As the young man entered he raised his head and looked at him from under the dark fierce brows.

Lord Norman stood with one hand resting on the table. The earl was pale and haggard, and in the fierce eyes there shone a strange light, an expression which baffles description. It was indicative of sardonic mockery, combined with something like superstitious dread—like that of a man who is fighting against fate with the knowledge that fate must win.

The two men looked into each other's faces in silence for a moment, then Lord Norman said—

"Good evening, sir. I am sorry that you are unwell——"

The cold metallic voice, husky and harsh now, however, interrupted him.

"Yes; I sent for you. I have something to say to you."

There was a pause, during which Lord Norman watched the bent figure, the fierce eyes, closely.

"I hear that you have already complained of my stable, and designed to order fresh horses?"

Lord Norman smiled.

"Well, sir, I can't deny it. Really, for such a nobleman as yourself, the horses were the meanest set of screws. Why out there—I mean Australia—we wouldn't have owned them. I daresay I expressed my opinion pretty freely, and have offended you; but——"

The earl raised his thin, claw-like hand, and let it fall on the arm of the chair again.

"It is of no consequence," he said. "All—all will soon be yours. You can then fill the stables with any horses you choose. It will all soon be yours."

Lord Norman looked at him with a show of sympathy and reluctancy.

"I hope not, sir——" he began.

The earl raised his hand again.

"I have sent for you because I want you to be present while I sign my will."

The young man started, and a sharp, alert look came into his handsome face.

"Your will, sir?" he said.

"Yes," continued the earl in a hollow voice, and with an upward glance at him. "You know that all must be yours——"

"I know nothing, sir," said Lord Norman with a gesture. "You must not forget that I have spent the best time of my life in the Australian bush."

"All must be yours," said the earl, as if Lord Norman had not spoken. "All the land, and the houses. They are all entailed. I could not dispose of them, even if I desired to do so. But—but there is some money."

The handsome face grew keener, the dark eyes flashed as as if their owner were paying close attention.

"I have lived very quietly. I have had a large income, far beyond my expenditure. I have saved—as they call it—a large amount, I wish to leave this money——"

There came a knock at the door. The earl looked up. "Come in," he said, and Fletcher, the steward, entered.

The earl fell back in his chair, and looked from one man to the other with a strangely keen and questioning gaze.

Old Fletcher had shuffled in with some papers under his arm, but at sight of the young man he had stopped short, and stared at Lord Norman.

"How do you do, Mr. Fletcher?" said Lord Norman, advancing and holding out his hand. "I am sorry you and I have missed each other other all day. I wanted to see you. You remember me, of course? I remember you quite well. The last time I saw you was in this room."

Fletcher stared at him in silence for a moment, and over his face spread the strange expression which sat upon the earl's,

"I—I—you have changed, my lord," he stammered.

"Why, of course. I can quite understand your not recognizing me in the first moment. Five years make a great difference."

The earl's voice broke in.

"Have you the will, Fletcher?"

Mr. Fletcher, still staring in an extraordinary fashion at the handsome young man, laid the papers on the table.

"It is here, my lord," he replied.

"Good," said the earl.

He took the sheet of foolscap and read it over, then, raising his eyes, looked fixedly at the young man.

"This is my last will," he said. "By it I leave all that I can leave—every penny, every inch of land that is mine, apart from the entail, to——"

He paused, and his face grew white, his eyes were fierce. "To my nephew, Norman Lechmere."

"To me, in fact," said the young man gravely, and looking from the earl to the steward. "Is there no one else to whom you would like to leave——"

The earl struck the paper with his hand.

"There are legacies to servants," he said huskily, "the rest goes to my nephew."

"To me!" murmured Lord Norman. "You are very good, generous—to me, sir!"

Mr. Fletcher spread out the papers on the table before the earl, neatly and methodically; but even as he did so his eyes wandered to Lord Norman's face. "There is a blank here, my lord," he said to the earl. "I am sorry to say that I have forgotten one of Lord Norman's names."

"Indeed," said the young man. "My names are Norman Eldred Beauchamp Fitz-George Lechmere."

Mr. Fletcher's lips formed each word as the young man pronounced it.

"Yes, they're right," he mutted, under his breath.

The earl glanced from one to the other with the same inscrutable expression, then he look up the pen.

"One moment, my lord," said Fletcher; "we shall want witnesses. I shall do as one, but another is required. My son, Silas, is in the house; if your lordship does not object——"

The earl waved his hand, and Fletcher went to the door and called softly—

"Silas!"

Mr. Silas Fletcher appeared, and so quickly, that one would have been almost justified in the suspicion that he had been listening all the time.

As he came in, he looked from one to the other with the sharp, quick gaze which is characteristic of the City man.

Lord Norman leant against the table with folded arms, and scarcely glanced at the young man.

"His lordship, the earl, wants you to witness his will," said old Fletcher.

"Most happy, I'm sure," murmured Silas awkwardly.

Mr. Fletcher handed the earl a pen and the old man wrote his name firmly. The two Fletchers signed as witnesses, and the elder was collecting the sheets and blotting them, when suddenly the earl rose in his chair, and pointing to Lord Norman, who still stood with folded hands, exclaimed in a voice made terrible by suppressed passion—

"Look at him! Look at him! Don't you know him, Fletcher? You must be blind! I knew him the moment I saw him—I——"

White and trembling, Fletcher caught the trembling, raving man in his arms.

"My lord! my lord!" he cried.

"I knew him! Yes, I knew him the very first moment I saw him!" panted the earl hoarsely. "The will! the will! Don't let him——!"

His voice died away into a horrid shriek, and with a groan he fell back in the chair.

The three men exchanged glances. Lord Norman was the first to speak.

"I call you both to witness that—that he knew, recognized, acknowledged me!" he said, hoarsely. "He acknowledged me as Lord Lechmere, his nephew and heir!"

As he spoke he looked at the Fletchers, father and son.

"Yes, yes," faltered the old man. The younger said nothing, but fixed his eyes keenly on Lord Norman's white face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUNNING AWAY.—Old Doctor Strong, of Hartford, Conn., was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion he had invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker, and whose sermon proved unusually long. The people became wearied, and, as Doctor Strong lived near the bridge, about the time for the commencement of the afternoon service he saw his people flocking in great numbers across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should hear the same young man in the afternoon. Collecting his wits, he said to the young minister, "My brother across the river is very feeble, and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people. If you will do so, I will give you a note to him, and be as much obliged to you as I would to have you preach for me, and I want you to preach the same sermon you preached to my people this morning." The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one-half of Doctor Strong's people, and they had to listen for one hour and a half to the same dull, humdrum sermon they had heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and said they would undertake never to run away from Doctor Strong again.

NEW ZEALAND has set apart two islands for the preservation of its remarkable wild birds and other animals. Thereon all hunting and trapping are forbidden.

THE ANILINE COLORS.

DIRT is only matter in the wrong place. There is nothing wasted, and nothing useless in the world; and at the present day there is very little even of the most inconvenient and offensive rubbish which man cannot transform into articles of utility, beauty, or pleasure. The refuse of a great city supplies the raw material for numerous industries, and the sewage itself is a thing valuable in the farmer's eye, and, where it can be conveniently conveyed to agricultural land, possesses a distinct commercial value. The same is the case with the exhausted materials and bye-products resulting from many manufacturing operations.

Formerly these materials often accumulated so as to be a serious embarrassment to the manufacturer, and not unfrequently a terrible nuisance to his neighbors. To some extent this is still the case. But in not a few instances these waste products have been so utilized as to become more valuable than the original object of manufacture.

No industry perhaps furnishes a better illustration of this than gas-making. In its early days the accumulation of tar, and other ugly and evil-smelling refuse, threatened to prevent its developement, and in several instances led to the summary suppression of gas-works as public nuisances. But enormous as has been the progress of this industry, the utilization of its waste products has been even more rapid, and the tar and other bye-products are now actually more valuable than the gas itself. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that in certain localities gas companies might give away their gas for nothing, and still make a good profit from their gasworks. Even taking the country as a whole, the tar and other residual products are at least equal in value to the whole of the coal consumed in the process; and from these "waste products" substances are manufactured of nearly twice this value.

These secondary products are numerous and varied, including thousands of tons of ammoniacal substances used in manufactures and for manures; smelling salts; sweet essences and flavors; sold and liquid paraffins; asphalte; and, most important of all, aniline, alizarin, and other coal-tar colors.

In manufacturing gas the coal is put into large iron or fire clay cylinders, which are strongly heated in fiery furnaces. Abundant fumes and gases are given off, but a large proportion of these are soon condensed in the pipes through which they are led, and are collected in great tanks, forming the ammoniacal liquors and the tar—a black, syrupy, stinking compound. It is from this latter that the aniline colors are prepared.

The invention of the colors is due to several chemical discoveries, having at first little relation to each other. Early in the century some chemists in Lisbon while examining indigo—Portuguese anil—found on distilling it a brownish liquid which produced an intense mauve color when treated with certain chemicals.

Little more was heard of the matter for years. But when the tarry mixture of the gasworks came to be examined, and it was found possible to separate its different constituents, the same liquid was discovered among them. Even this did not advance matters much, as aniline only exists in very small quantities.

But another substance—benzol or benzine—can be extracted in large quantities. This liquid is now well known and much used for removing grease stains, etc., from articles of dress; and still better in the form of nitro-benzol as a perfume for soaps, pomades, and other toilet requisites, and also as artificial almond flavoring for confectionary, etc. It was soon discovered that by a little further chemical treatment the nitro-benzol could be readily transformed into aniline.

In a few years this was followed by the beautiful red or crimson magenta, or rosaniline. Mauve is, perhaps, a finer color, and it is certainly more durable than magenta, but the latter is of greater importance, as it can be produced more easily, and it also forms the starting point of the extensive series of colors now so common. Very beautiful violets and blues of almost all shades are easily produced from it; and with somewhat more difficulty yellows and greens, and also some very fine blacks. In fact, there is hardly a tint in the rainbow not represented among these colors, and seldom a season passes but some new shade or combination is brought into fashionable notice; the "crushed strawberry" and others being good examples.

The aniline colors are not the only dyes obtained from coal-tar. Turkey red and other alizarin dyes used to be obtained from madder-root, and many thousands of acres of this plant were grown solely for the purpose of supplying this dyestuff. From the marvellous gas refuse, however, not many years ago a substance was extracted from which alizarin could be readily prepared in large quantities, and now the anthracene or "artificial alizarin" colors have practically driven the natural madder product out of the market. The artificial dyes are, indeed, better and cheaper by a long way than the madder. These colors are much more durable than the aniline dyes, but the processes of dyeing and printing with them are more difficult and complicated. To painters, alizarin is indispensable, for it is from it that most of those pigments called "lakes" are prepared, pigments which are second only to the best metallic colors in permanency and resistance to destructive agents.

Many other dyes besides these are obtained from coal-tar. Quite recently indigo itself has been prepared from one of these tar products, and there can be no doubt that in a few years the cultivation of the indigo plant will become as rare as that of madder at the present day. Indeed, gas tar and similar "waste products" seem capable of furnishing all manner of dye stuffs in quantities far surpassing the practical needs of the world for many generations to come.

WHAT HE DID.—A man read in the paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterises such occasions. The idea struck him so favorably that when his family had gathered round the table that evening he said: "Now, this sort of thing of keeping so mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me, you girls? You begin to tell stories, and keep up an agreeable sort of talk like; and you, boys, laugh and be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets till you can't stand. Now, begin!" The glare that he sent round the table made the family resemble a funeral party.

CHICAGO clergymen have formed a club to instruct prospective missionaries in foreign languages by using the phonograph.

AVOID ALL RISK with a Stubborn Cough by using at once Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure remedy for all Coughs and Colds and well calculated to exert a beneficial influence on the Lungs and Throat.

Scientific and Useful.

TRANSPARENT CEMENT.—Ten drachms of gum-dammar, six of gum-mastic, six of dried Canada balsam, two fluid ounces of chloroform, and the same of turpentine; shake until dissolved, and filter.

OF THE HEART.—An excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double, with the head downward and the hands pendent, so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper part of the body.

FOR REPORTERS.—A liliputian electric light has been invented for the benefit of newspaper reporters. It is fastened to the end of a pencil, so that the reporter may carry his own light with him and be able to make his notes even in the darkness.

PAPER.—The use to which paper is put are manifold, and according to report, it is now being employed in the form of yarn in the body or backings of carpets. It is said to be superior to some of the more usual backings employed, and that more than half a carpet may consist of paper without the inexpert buyer suspecting it.

TO PREVENT COUNTERFEITING.—A scientist suggests the use of an alloy of gold and aluminium for the making of money. He says that counterfeiting would be almost impossible, as the only alloy which can be made successfully consists of seventy-eight parts of gold to twenty-two of aluminium. The product is said to be of a beautiful purple color, with ruby reflections that cannot be imitated.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The "Photoret" is an apparatus formed like a watch, and is perhaps a trifle larger both in diameter and thickness than a railway time-keeper. Its duty is not to mark the flight of time, but to take photographs. This is bought about by a simple slot movement to change the position of a circular film of sensitized celluloid inside the apparatus; and pressure upon the knob of the handle gives a rapid exposure while the Photoret is held in the hand. Six exposures can be made on one film, each little picture being about half an inch square, but capable of after-magnification.

Farm and Garden.

THE HEAP.—Many substances which go into the manure heap add nothing thereto but serve as absorbents, which save the valuable portions of the manure and avoid loss.

FEEDING.—Observe regular hours in feeding, says a writer. The stock that is fed at stated times soon learn not to look for feed at any other time and is more contented than it would be if fed whenever it comes handiest.

SPECTACLED COWS.—Cows wearing spectacles form a curious sight in Russia. Blue glasses were recommended because the reflection of the light upon the snow is so blinding that thousands of cattle have been attacked with ophthalmia.

WEEDS.—Most all of our weed pests are annuals, and we are to blame for their reappearance because we let them go to seed yearly. Even the dreaded Russian thistle is of this class, and can be got rid of if fought persistently in right the manner. Exterminations is the word for all our "tares."

GRAPEVINES.—The time to trim grapevines is in the winter. Such work should never be postponed until spring, as the trimming of the vines after the flow of sap begins is sure to do harm. It is necessary to cut back severely, but in trimming a grapevine it should be done to give appearance and at the same time secure the best yields of fruit.

HORSES.—It is said that the Arabs have two methods of estimating what will be the height of horses. By the first a cord is stretched from the nostril over the ears and down along the neck; this distance is compared with that from the withers to the feet; the colt will grow as much taller as the first distance exceeds the second. By the other method the distance between the knee and withers is compared with that from the knee to the coronet. If it has reached the proportion of two to one, the horse will grow no taller.

SCARLET AND GOLD.

BY C. S.

In Eastern lands, beneath whose skies
Legends and fairy tales arise,
Tells one "by wandering Tartar told,"
They all in faith and reverence hold,

When first an infant Modern's sight,
Breaks the bright morn with golden light,
The said two angels take their stand
For good and evil on each hand.

They never flee him, as through life
He journeys on, 'mid care strife,
His better angel seeking fame,
Each gem thought worthy Virtue's crown.

Through life, when tempted far to stray
From Virtue's bright and peaceful way,
Oh let us heed its warning voice,
And cause our angels to rejoice.

Thus, are light falls, and setting sun
Tells us another day is done,
Should we the portion humbly crave
Of Him, whose arm alone can save—

Then, as our bodies sink to rest,
May we with calm, unruffled breast,
Lapsed in peace—for while we sleep,
Will holy angels vigils keep.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HER WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"DON'T tell me there is no such thing as happiness in the world! Do you think I have forgotten my nursery-rhymes?" exclaims the heroine of a modern Roman comedy; and Lyra might have echoed the cheer.

It would indeed have been strange if she had not been happy: for the gods had showered their choicest gifts upon her—youth, beauty, rank, wealth, and the love of a man who carried her heart in his bosom.

At times her great happiness almost made her tremble, for it seemed to her that no human being had a right to so full a cup of joy as that which the Fates had filled for her. She forgot that she had had a fair share of trouble and sorrow and that it was time the Wheel of Fortune turned her way.

Like a couple of school children out for a holiday she and Dane wandered about the sunny South—which, by the way, does not always earn its complimentary title—making a short stay in some places and a longer in others, just as their fancies prompted. To Lyra, who had only read of the beautiful places and noble cities of the Continent, the days seemed to pass in an endless series of delicious dreams, and in her intense enjoyment Dane found a pleasure so keen as to be almost startling.

If some ingenious chemist could put up Happiness in bottles and retail it at one shilling and three-halfpence, like other patent medicines, what an immense fortune he would make! Happiness brought the color to Lyra's cheek, the light to her eyes, the smile to her lips: so transformed her that Dane, who was absurdly proud of his wife's beauty, occasionally asked himself whether this happy, radiant girl could indeed be the pale, weary-looking woman who had fallen fainting into his arms that night at Castle Towers.

Though they had resolved to travel about with all the simplicity and privacy of, say, a city clerk and his bride, their presence in the large cities was speedily known to the English colony which may be found in every Continental town, large or small; and very soon after their arrival at an hotel cards fluttered down upon them conveying invitations to dinners and "at homes." Most of these hospitalities Dane declined, but sometimes the invitations came from old friends of his or the earl's, and a refusal was impossible; and they would, with mutual bewailings and sympathy, go to Lady So-and-So's dinner party, or "small and early," and wherever they went Lyra, in spite Dane, "scored heavily." Her artlessness would have made her remarkable and welcome; but that mingling of sweet womanly dignity and gentleness which had won Dane's heart the first time he had seen her, conquered all with whom she came in contact, and wherever she went she made friends and created a sensation which was not long in finding expression in the London society journals.

Dane laughed at the complimentary paragraphs which delighted the Continental newspaper, copied from the English journals; but I have a shrewd suspicion that he was not altogether displeased at the fame that which his beautiful wife was so unconsciously reaping.

"I don't know whether you are very keenly set upon being one of the 'leading women'—I think that's the proper term, but I'm open to correction—but I'm afraid you're in for it whether you like it or not, my dear," he said one morning, as he lolled back in a lazy chair on a balcony in Rome, smoking the after-breakfast cigar, and looking through Vaughan with that perfect enjoyment of sheer laziness which only the happy can experience.

Lyra, leaning over the rail, gazing at the great dome towards which one's eyes are constantly drawn wherever Rome may happen to be looked at, turned to him with a smile of interrogation.

"What is a 'leading woman?' and why am I in danger of becoming anything so dreadful as it sounds?" she asked.

He laughed, and regarded her through half-closed eyes with the expression which a man's face wears when he is looking at the woman he loves and—which is a very different thing—admires.

"I don't soon know. I fancy," he replied. "A leading woman is—well, the Duchess of Tottenham is one of 'em. You're aware of her?"

Lyra smiled.

"Of course. Everybody seems to know her, and talk of her. One would think she was the greatest lady in the world without exception."

"Oh, no," said Dane, "there are three or four as great as she is. They lead the fashion: their word in the little world is absolute law: to be admitted to their friendship is to be stamped with the hall-mark of society. In short, they are the rulers of the 'Happer Sorkles,' as Thackeray calls it."

Lyra laughed.

"How terrible! As if such a humble and insignificant individual as I should ever become so powerful a despot. My lord the king is pleased to exalt his servant."

"Oh, no! listen to this," he said. "The Viscount and Viscountess Armitage are enjoying a long honeymoon in the South. We hear that her ladyship is winning golden opinions wherever she goes, and that London may prepare itself for a surprise which will prove an absolute conquest. Lady Dane, as those who enjoy the inexpressible privilege of her friendship are fond of calling her, is not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most fascinating of English women, and her wedding trip with her popular husband partakes in no small measure of a triumphal progress. We prophesy that this coming, and, strange to say, her first, London season will be an immense success. The viscount and viscountess are at present in Rome, and Rome is raving about her.' What do you think of that?"

"I think it is very impertinent," said Lyra with heightened color. "How dare they print such nonsense about anyone?"

Dane laughed and settled himself still more comfortably.

"My sweetly innocent child, they mean it as a compliment. They mean to be pleasant. If I were to go and kick the fellow who wrote it, he would be a great deal more astonished than aggrieved. Why, half the women we know would be jerked into the seven heaven of delight if such a paragraph were written about them."

Lyra looked slightly incredulous.

"Oh, Dane, I—I can't think you are right. But it is all nonsense, or it isn't there at all, and are you inventing it to tease me?"

Dane laughed outright.

"My poor girl," he said, with mock gravity, "there is something appalling in your lack of woman's chief attribute—Vanity. Some of these days I shall wake up to find I haven't married a human woman, but one of those unnatural—what d'ye call it?—water sprites, angels, don't you know; and I shall see you spread your wings and vanish from my sight."

"I shall vanish from your sight without any wings, sir, if you talk such dreadful nonsense," she remarked, but added, in the womanly undertone which is so significant, "but I am glad if you think me pretty, Dane." She leant towards him, and let her finger-tips touch his short wavy hair. "I suppose every woman would like to seem well favored in one man's sight."

Dane laughed.

"Be comforted, my dear," he said. "I think you are tolerably good-looking. But as to one man's"—he smiled with affected ruefulness—"that is coming it a bit strong, seeing that all the men are, as this newspaper cad says, raving about you. I suppose there is safety in numbers, otherwise I should be jealous. As it is, I am only, well, assured and flattered. Only yesterday that handsome boy, Clarence Hoare, almost went so far as to ask me what the deuce I had done to deserve such a peerless creature."

Lyra smiled and colored.

"He is a very foolish boy," she said. "I will tell him so if you like, Dane."

"My dear girl, he wouldn't be a bit abashed, and for goodness sake don't hurt his feelings on my account. Besides, if you send him away all the men—all who admire you and are perfectly convinced that they are in love with you—I shan't have a friend left."

Lyra laughed.

"Really, you don't deserve any kindness at my hands, Dane; and I've half a mind not to let you read Dosie's letter; it came this morning."

"Have a whole mind, my dear," he retorted blandly. "I know Dosie's letter of old——" He pulled himself up and bit his moustache, but Lyra did not appear to notice his momentary embarrassment. "What does she say? I could bear a few elegant extracts."

Lyra pulled the letter out of her pocket.

"Well, they've got back. They were obliged to cut the honeymoon short because the bishop has given Martin the living at Castle Towers."

"Oh!" grunted Dane, as if he had not a great deal to do with the presentation. "That's all right."

"And they're very happy — awfully happy; and she has discovered that Martin's even better than she thought him."

"Poor man! Humph! You won't be able to say that of me, my dear."

"No, indeed; and here is a message from the earl. Shall I read it? No, I won't. It's—it's too complimentary. But, oh, Dane, how good and kind he is to me!" And there was a tremor in her voice.

"Read, read! as they shout in the House of Commons," he said with indolent insistence.

"Must I? Well, here it is; 'Tell Lyra that though I do not wish to curtail their honeymoon, I shall be rejoiced to see them back, for it is very lonely here without her—in truth, I missed her badly. You may say that I am having Highfield got ready for them.'"

Dane looked up.

"Whew!" he murmured. "Highfield! That's good of the guv'nor."

"What is it, Dane?"

"Well, it's the largest of the country places, excepting Starminster, and just near enough to the Hall to be convenient. That's like him; he never does things by halves. You'll like him; he place, I think, Lyra. It is not so large as Starminster, but it's 'mighty pretty,' as the Irishman said of his favorite pig. But go on."

Lyra went on with the extract from the letter.

"'But tell her that I will not let them go and live there unless they promise to keep a room for an old man, who will crave for a quiet corner in the house of his daughter, when, weary with the crash and clatter of noisy politics, he longs for rest and the companionship of those he loves.'"

The tears came into Lyra's eyes as she read.

Dane nodded with intense satisfaction.

"Poor old guv'nor! Tell him we'll keep an attic for him, and that he shall always have a chop in the library. Anything else?"

Lyra ran down the closely-written lines.

"Oh, yes; this Dane. 'Please tell Dane that we are all rather anxious about Chandos.'"

"They don't say so," remarked Dane ironically. "What's the matter with him?"

"'Dane will remember,'" Lyra went on reading, "'that he sent no reply to the invitation to the wedding, nor any present, which seemed strange at the time.'"

"Humph! It didn't to me; not the non-appearance of the present," growled Dane.

"'And the other day Martin called at Chandos' rooms, and was surprised to find that he had not been seen there for months. The landlady showed a pile of letters—the invitation was amongst them—which had come for Chandos, and said that she had not heard from him for months, and did not know his address. The earl thinks that something may have happened to him.'"

"No cause for alarm; the deuce takes care of his own," muttered Dane lazily.

"What did you say?" asked Lyra.

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Who is Chandos?" she asked as she put the letter away.

"Chandos is my cousin, Chandos Armitage," said Dane. "Don't happen to have a match in your pocket, my dear, do you?"

As a matter of course Lyra fetched a box from the room, lit a match and held it to his cigarette, and then, equally as a matter of course, held her cheek for payment.

"Your cousin? I never heard of him."

"I daresay; no end of aunts and cousins you have not heard of yet, thank your stars; though most of 'em, I'm bound to say, are better worth knowing than Master Cnandos."

"What is the matter with him?" Lyra asked. She was leaning over the balcony looking dreamily at the great dome which stood out from the clear blue of the Italian sky. A distant bell was ringing; the sun, the Roman sun which turns grim winter into smiling summer, shone on the crowd beneath, on the masked women in their white caps and scarlet skirts, on the spare priests, and monks, and black-robed Sisters of Mercy going "about their Father's business"; on the street boys yelling their papers, and fruit, and flowers. She asked the question with but faint interest.

"A great deal is the matter with him—morally. He is not a nice man, by any means, though I'm afraid a good many persons, specially women, think otherwise. He is supposed to be very clever, literary, musical, and all the rest of it; but—well, he is not an honor or credit to the family, and if it is true that he has disappeared from civilization—well, civilization is to be congratulated."

"Poor fellow!" said Lyra.

Dane took his cigarette from his mouth and stared at her.

"Beg pardon?"

"I said poor fellow!" said Lyra softly. "Don't you pity anybody who is like your cousin Chandos, Dane? It must be so bad to be wicked; one must be so unhappy to feel that you have spent your life—the dear, sweet life which God has blessed you with—in doing harm to others. Oh! Dane, one must be wretched."

Dane smiled, but gravely. "That's like one of Dosie's speeches," he said. "After all, one good woman's like another, I suppose."

Lyra laughed, but gravely also. "You mustn't compare me with Dosie," she said. "Dosie is an angel, and I am only——"

"A rather nice young woman," he put in. "Yes, that was a very nice bit of moral sentiment of yours, my child; but I'm afraid it won't wash. I am afraid Chandos isn't at all wretched. He thinks he is making a jolly good thing out of his life, though it isn't particularly sweet, 'and certainly isn't blessed. It's a mistake to imagine that the wicked are unhappy—at any rate, while they're young and are 'a-going of it.' They flourish as the bay tree, don't you know, and Chandos flourishes, finely. Bless your innocence, he is worshipped by no end of people—who don't know him. As to anything having happened to him, don't you believe it. He's all right, and up to mischief somewhere. He'll turn up fresh and smiling—like Hamlet's idea of a villain—and laugh at 'em for thinking that he was drowned—or hanged."

"Dane!" murmured Lyra rebukingly. "Perhaps he is not so bad as you have painted him."

"Perhaps not," he assented, laconically. "But to do his portrait correctly you'd want a heap of lamoblack, I can tell you. But don't let's talk about him; he spoils my cigarette—bad taste in the mouth. Long may he stop away, wherever he is! Well, I suppose I ought to get up and go out. It's about the time young Clarence drops in isn't it? and the poor boy looks so aggrieved if I'm at home that I feel quite guilty—like an interloper."

Lyra laughed.

"We'll both go," she said.

"Better not, or if he finds you're out he will pitch himself over the balcony. Heartless a coquette as you are, I imagine you wouldn't care to have the lad's blood on your hands."

"You deserve to have my hands on your ears," she retorted; and she turned towards him, to be caught, kissed, and held until she freed herself.

"Really, Dane, your behavior is outrageous. You forgot that those windows in the Palace opposite rake the balcony.

"Let 'em; who cares?" he retorted, as he rose and stretched himself. His yawn was cut short by an exclamation from Lyra. She had returned to the railing and was looking down at something or someone below.

"What's the matter? Fire?"

"Oh, Dane! there is such a—I was going to say handsome—man standing on the pavement opposite; but he is not so handsome as—as singular and distinguished-looking. See!"

He leant over beside her and looked across the street lazily. Then he said—

"By George, it's—yes, it is St. Aubyn!"

"You know him?"

"Rather! What at college with him. Best fellow alive!"

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

As she spoke the man raised his head, and looked up at them. His face was a handsome one, but was spoiled by a weary, listless look, which impressed one by its intense sadness. He was dark, and the hair at his temples was touched with silver, though he was still a young man. The air of distinction which had attracted Lyra's attention struck a keen note for most casual observers. Few men, and fewer women, ever passed him without a second glance.

His listless, melancholy eye wandered along the house fronts till it reached the balcony, then, as he recognized Dane, his face was lit up with a lovely singularly sweet smile; but, as he saw the lovely woman by his side, it disappeared, and, slightly raising his hat, he walked on.

"Confound it, he's gone!" exclaimed Dane. "He saw you."

"Saw me!" said Lyra, open-eyed. "Why should I frighten him away? What do you mean, Dane?"

He laughed, but with a touch of disappointment.

"Oh, St. Aubyn is a woman hater," he said.

"A woman hater?" echoed Lyra, who had never seen or heard of this phenomenon.

Dane nodded and sighed.

"Yes. Poor old chap. This man's history is a sad one. He is one of the best fellows that ever walked the earth. Fact. He and I were the closest friends——"

"Then I am sure he must have been a good fellow, Dane," murmured Lyra.

"Thank you, dear. Well, he was one of those men who would lay down their lives for a friend. No end of scrapes—scrapes that would have floored me—he has got me out of. Always stood by me like—like a brick." He smoked in silence for a moment or two, evidently recalling old college days. Then he went on—"After he left college he fell in love. She was a handsome girl enough, but—well, everybody but poor St. Aubyn could see what sort of a girl she was. At that time he was a long way off the title."

"What is he?" asked Lyra.

"The Earl of St. Aubyn. There were two, if not three, between him and the title, and she refused him. She was as pretty as paint, one of those fair girls with hair like gold, don't you know; gold hair and blue eyes, innocent as a child, but in appearance only. He was terribly cut up when she refused him, and when two or three lives between him and the title gave way he was as different about it as if he'd

only come into a couple of hundred pounds. I think it was I myself who plucked up cheek enough to advise him to try his luck with the fair Lillian again, and—well, of course, she accepted him. I wish she'd loved him instead of the title."

"Oh, Dane!"

"My dear," he smiled, "all women are not so single-minded and unmercenary as you. Well, they were married. It was all love—hot, red-hot love—on his side. There was no woman like her. He only lived while he was with her—he was in the clouds, all abroad, when he was away from her. He used to talk about her to me—and to other fellows, I daresay just like a boy over his first love. Then one day—well, one day she left him. He discovered that she had not only deceived him after, but before his marriage. What is the matter, dear?" he broke off to ask, for Lyra was trembling and her face had gone white.

It was a moment or two before she could answer.

"Nothing, Dane. Go on."

"It was the old story," he continued, as he lit another cigarette. "There had been a lover before their marriage; he had reappeared afterwards, and the fair golden-haired Lillian—she was simply a goddess in the eyes of her husband, a type of perfect womanhood—had chucked up everything, a devoted husband and his good name, rank, wealth—oh, everything—for the sake of a dirty scoundrel."

He stopped and smoked fiercely.

Lyra's hand slid along the rail of the balcony until it reached his arm, and fastened on it timidly.

"Oh! poor man, poor man!"

"Yes, you may well say that! Poor man, he was like a madman. In fact, I think he was out of his mind for a time. He followed the man and thrashed him, almost under her eyes. Serve 'em right. Pity he didn't shoot her. Then he disappeared for a long time. When he came back—well, he was as you see him—no more like the old St. Aubyn than I am like that curved water-spout. She'd broke him body and soul, stone-broke him. He told me that there was only one thing he regretted, and that was that the scoundrel hadn't shot him. He's the last of the St. Aubyns, the title dies with him, and he's not at all likely to marry again. Likely! Well, he hates women, simply hates them, poor old chap."

Lyra was silent a moment.

"No, wonder!" she said, and there was a depth of feeling, of tender forgiving sympathy in her voice. "Oh! poor man, poor man! How wicked, how vile she must have been!"

Dane nodded.

"Yes; when you women are bad—well, you are bad. And when you are good"—he puts his arm around her and presses her to him—"you are good! Hallo there he is coming back again. Just draw out of sight, dear, just for a moment."

Lyra sank into the deck chair, and pressed her hands over her eyes. She heard Dane call out—

"Hallo, St. Aubyn! Come up, old chap!"

"Will he come?" she asked in a whisper, as if the man of whom she was speaking could hear her.

"Yes, I think so, if you keep out of sight. Yes, he nods; he is coming."

"I will go," said Lyra, after a moment or two.

But as she rose to make her escape footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the valet, appearing at the glass door of the room behind the balcony, announced—

"Lord St. Aubyn!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

LORD ST. AUBYN responded to Dane's greeting with the same warmth with which it was accorded, and the two men held each other's hands and looked into each other's eyes as only old and tried friends can.

"My dear old man!" Dane exclaimed. "I'm delighted to see you. What a rum thing that you should have been passing just as I happened to be sitting here! Lyra, this is a very old chum of mine—Lord St. Aubyn."

In an instant the warmth disappeared from St. Aubyn's face, and in a cold, reserved manner he turned to Lyra. For a moment or two his sad, weary eyes rested on her face, but though he could not have failed to note her beauty, it did not strike a spark of admiration out of him.

"I did not know you were married, Dane," he said coldly.

Dane laughed.

"Scarcely aware of it myself, old chap. Honeymoon, you know."

Lord St. Aubyn inclined his head and took the chair which Dane put for him. "I congratulate you," he said simply, seriously, without a trace of the conventional smile. Lyra would have taken slight but that she feared that by doing so she would convey to Lord St. Aubyn the knowledge that she and Dane had been discussing him; but she withdrew as far as the balcony would allow, and returned to her contemplation of the street.

Dane started on the usual series of questions—how long had he been in Rome; how long was he going to remain; what hotel was he staying at?—and Lord St. Aubyn made his replies in the grave but musical voice which had impressed Lyra so favorably.

"I am only passing through, and may go to-morrow. I'm staying at the Hotel Coronna."

"Oh, you can't go to-morrow!" said Dane, in his downright fashion. "Why it's ages since I saw you, and I'm not going to let you bolt off like that. You've nowhere in particular to go, I suppose?"

Lord St. Aubyn made a slight gesture in the negative.

"Very well, then, you just stay on—for a bit at any rate. There are a mass of people here, there always are, but there is no one I know particularly, and I was just wishing that I could run across a chum."

Lord St. Aubyn glanced at Lyra, and Dane laughed.

"You think that was not very complimentary to my wife?" he said. "Oh, that's all right! We haven't begun to bore each other yet. But, all the same, an old friend's welcome. Ask him to dine with us to-night, Lyra."

Lyra turned her head.

"We shall be very pleased if you will, Lord St. Aubyn," she said.

"Thank you, Lady Armitage, but I am sorry to say I am engaged," he said, quietly but firmly, and in a tone that settled the matter.

"What a nuisance!" said Dane. "Never mind, we book you for to-morrow——"

"To-morrow I——" began St. Aubyn; but Dane interrupted him quickly—

"Well, well, we won't bother you. What do you say to a stroll? Lyra, put your hat on and come with us."

Lyra glanced at the sad sombre face.

"I have some letters to write," she said; "you must go without me this morning," and as she spoke she fancied that Lord St. Aubyn looked relieved. But Dane declined to accept the excuse.

"Oh, nonsense! Write 'em this afternoon; the post doesn't go out till the evening. Run away and put your pinafore on, that's a good girl."

There was a silence between the two men for a moment or two after Lyra had left them; then St. Aubyn said—

"And so you are married, Dane?"

Dane nodded.

"Yes, to the best, the dearest——"

Then he stopped. St. Aubyn was scarcely the man to appreciate material rhapsodies. No doubt he, too, had thought his wife "the best, the dearest," etc.

"She is very beautiful," he said slowly. "I wish you every happiness, Dane."

"Thanks, old man," responded Dane, and quietly got away from the subject.

They chatted over old times and mutual acquaintances until Lyra reappeared; then Dane went off to put on his boots and overcoat, and she and St. Aubyn were left to entertain each other.

It seemed for a time as if he intended to maintain a profound silence; and Lyra—who felt, well, rather nervous in the presence of this strange animal, for it was the first professed "woman-hater" she had met—was hoping for Dane's return, when Lord St. Aubyn said—

"Your husband and I are very old friends; but I daresay he has already told you that, Lady Armitage."

"Yes," said Lyra.

Then she colored, for the dark gray eyes fixed upon her seemed to add—"And he told you everything else about me?"

He noticed the flush, and appeared to take it as an answer to his unspoken question.

"He is looking remarkably well and happy," he said. "Will you let me say that he deserves to be both, for he is the very best of good fellows?"

Lyra flushed again, but with pride this time.

"I will let you sing Dane's praise as long as you please," she said, in her sweet, frank way.

The shadow of a smile crossed his face.

"No one could do it with better excuse," he said, "for I have no closer friend."

Then he leant over the balcony rail, and appeared to completely forget her presence.

Dane shouted to them from one of the lower windows, and they joined him in the street and went for their stroll.

The two men talked together, almost to the exclusion of Lyra, who was quite content to listen, and declined to accept the attempts which one or other of them now and again made to include her in the conversation. Dane was delighted at meeting with his old friend, and she was delighted in his delight, and so was perfectly happy. It was evident that Lord St. Aubyn was not only a great traveler, but that he did not do his "globe trotting" with his eyes closed or his brain asleep, and Lyra was intensely interested in the short graphic accounts of his wanderings. Rome he seemed to know as well as if he had been born there, and once, when Lyra stopped to look at an old church, and asked Dane its name, and he replied with a laugh, "Goodness only knows! Where's your precious Bædeker?" Lord St. Aubyn volunteered the information, and supplemented it by a brief epitome of its history.

And gradually, as they strolled along, he grew more communicative to her, and pointed out and explained the various "lions" with which almost every street of the Eternal City is blessed.

But his eyes scarcely ever rested on her face, and his manner was marked with the reserve with which he had first greeted her. They lunched together in one of the

restaurants, and when Lord St. Aubyn rose to take his leave, Dane attacked him with another invitation to dinner.

"It's all nonsense that excuse of yours of a previous engagement, St. Aubyn, Don't be disagreeable, but dine with us to-night, there's a good fellow. If you really are engaged, chuck the other people over."

"I was not engaged; and I will dine with you," said St. Aubyn quietly, and, raising his hat, walked off.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Dane, as he and Lyra sauntered home.

Lyra reflected a moment.

"I rather think I like him, though he is so anxious to show that he hates me—and the rest of my sex," and she smiled.

Dane laughed, then sighed.

"Poor old chap! Just think what cause he has. Don't be hard on him, dear."

"I won't be hard on him," she said, "But I should like to remind him that all women are not wicked."

Lord St. Aubyn came to dinner. He looked very tall and still more "distinguished" in his evening dress, and with Dane he was genial enough; but to Lyra his manner, though the perfection of courtesy, was marked by a cold reserve.

Most women would have resented it, but Lyra, though she was accustomed to the prompt homage and lavish admiration of her husband's male friend, bore it with a meekness and amiability which touched Dane to the core and filled him with gratitude.

After dinner the two men adjourned to the balcony, and Lyra coiled herself up in a corner with a novel. She was engrossed in it that she did not hear St. Aubyn's approached until he was standing in front of her. "I have come to say good night and to thank you," he said. "To thank you not only for 'the pleasant evening,' but for your gracious self-sacrifice."

"What do you mean?" Lyra asked with a smile.

He looked down at the innocent, widely-opened eyes with a singular sadness in his smile.

"Do you think that I do not appreciate the fact that you have surrendered your husband to me for a whole evening, Lady Dane?"

"Oh, but Dane is so glad to see you, to have you with him," she said naively.

He smiled outright.

"I am properly rebuked," he said gravely. "I forgot, in my own pleasure at meeting him, that your sacrifice was entirely on his account—as it should be," he added.

"What are you two discussing?" said Dane, coming up to him. "Look here, Lyra, Lord St. Aubyn insists upon clearing out of Rome to-morrow because; he says, he, he is de trop, and might spoil our honeymoon. I tell him that he won't do anything of the sort; but he is, and always was, as obstinate as a donkey. Just see what you can do with him. Tell him that when we find him in the way we'll inform him of the fact; or, look here, you might threaten that we'll go with him wherever it is he is going; it's all one to us."

Lyra looked from one to the other with a smile—from Dane's handsome, happy, debonnaire face to Lord St. Aubyn's grave one.

"I will tell Lord St. Aubyn anything you please," she said.

"There you are!" he exclaimed, as if that settled the matter. "You won't go after that, my dear fellow?"

"No," said Lord St. Aubyn quietly.

He did not go, and after three or four days he ceased to talk of going, much to Dane's delight. For the first two or three days Lyra saw little of him, he and Dane going off for walks upon which she declined quite pleasantly to accompany them. On the fourth Lord St. Aubyn himself asked her,

"It is a question of your coming—or my going. I did not remain that I might rob you of your husband's society, Lady Dane," for he, too, had dropped into the habit of calling her by Dane's Christian name.

"Very well," she said, and ran to put her hat on.

On the fifth day St. Aubyn, after a long spell of silence—the two men were smoking their after-dinner cigars on the balcony—said, "Dane, you ought to be a happy man."

"I am," said Dane laconically.

"Yes," St. Aubyn sighed. "She is a good woman, Dane."

Dane nodded.

"Just found it out, old man?"

"Yes," said St. Aubyn, "this morning. I wandered into that old church by the second bridge. I thought I was alone—" he paused, "then I saw your wife. She was kneeling with her face hidden in her hands,"

Dane nodded.

"Yes, Lyra is fond of dropping into the quiet old churches," he said, his voice soft and tender. "Well?"

"Presently," went on St. Aubyn in a low voice, "a woman came in with a child in her arms. It was a poor, dirty-looking wretch, and in pain most likely, for it cried and wailed. The woman tried to quiet it, but I suppose the poor thing wanted food, for it wouldn't be soothed. Your wife heard it——" he paused. "She got up and went to the mother, and asked her to let her have the child, and nursed it—dirt and all. Money passed, no doubt, for from where I stood behind the pillar I heard the woman blessing her. But it wasn't the gift of the money—anyone could have played the Lady Bountiful; it was—" he muttered so—"it was the look in your wife's face as she pressed the little one to her bosom that went home to me. It was the face of an angel, a pitiful, child-loving angel, Dane."

There was silence for a moment, for Dane said nothing. That Lyra, his Lyra was an angel was no news to him.

"It made me think," Lord St. Aubyn went on in a low voice, "of that other woman, the woman who has taught me to hate her sex, and for the moment—forgive me—I envied you, Dane. Yes, I envied you."

Dane put out his hand and let it fall gently upon his friend's.

"Take care of her," said St. Aubyn, almost sternly. "She is worth cherishing." Then he took his hat and walked out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

Gas for cooking purposes is very largely used not only in London, but in country towns. At Maidstone, for instance, at least 28 per cent. of those who use gas have discarded coal for cooking purposes. The gas sent out during the daytime for cooking purposes is 40 per cent. during the summer, and just over 50 per cent. during the winter, of the total quantity of gas made at the works.

It is a great mistake for people who can at all afford to spend liberally to practise economy in hard times. On one occasion during the Second Empire, when there was great financial depression Louis Napoleon commanded his Ministers to open their houses and entertain profusely, and the Court circles, taking the hint, began such a round of gaiety that trade revived, while the manufacturers, plucking up courage, opened their mills and a crisis was averted.

During a recent brigandage trial at Trani, Italy, Baron Arrigo, who was carried away from Naples and held for ransom, narrated his experience in the cave of the brigands. He was kept a captive for several weeks in a cave, the floor of which was running with water, and where there were not even a stone to sit down upon. He stood until he could stand no longer, when fatigue compelled him to lie down in the water to sleep. For more than sixty hours after being taken into the cave he was given nothing to eat, and then only a limited amount of the coarsest fare. It cost 20,000 francs to obtain his liberty.

When the Shah of Persia was in England in 1872, and he was informed of the immense wealth of more than one of the English dukes, he calmly told the Prince of Wales that all such subjects were dangerous, and therefore should be put to death, and zealously enjoined upon the Prince the necessity of so doing. "But," replied the Prince, "I cannot do that." "You," said the Shah, in astonishment—"you, the heir to the throne, and cannot put a subject to death?" "By no means," said the Prince, "without process of law." "Well, then," said the Shah politely, as if to compromise the matter, "I would put out their eyes."

The people of New Zealand are a holiday-making race. In almost every month they have some day which is set aside as a holiday. At Christmas, New Year, and Easter, the working class take two or three days extra to carry on their festivities. At these times all the inhabitants give themselves up to amusements. Horse racing, athletic sports, boat races and excursions are carried on in every available spot, and are attended by a large and almost invariably well-behaved crowd. The chief amusement among the common classes consists of picnics. All the different trades and societies have picnics of their own, to which the general public are welcome upon paying a small fee of admission.

The Chinese, Japanese, and Siamese are particularly skilful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." The bloom is white in the shade, and red in the sunlight. After night in a dark room the curiosity of the rose family is a pure white blossom. When transferred to the open air the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, and rapidly change to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in hue until you find your lily-white rose of an hour before is as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

An amusing story is told of the Principal Pirie, of Aberdeen, Scotland. Just after "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the dryest specimens of the old professional regime was surprise to receive a missive, which read as follows: "Principal and Mrs. Pirie present their compliments to Professor T——, and hope he is well. Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be 'at home' on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock." This was something which evidently required an answer, but the recipient of it was quite equal to the occasion. He wrote: "Professor T—— returns the compliments of Principal and Mrs. Pirie, and informs them that he is very well. Professor T—— is glad to hear that Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be at home on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock. Professor T—— will also be at home."

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Drifting.

The one half the world which does not know, proverbially at least, how the other half lives, and as certainly does not care, would not be surprised to hear that the other half does not live—in the sense of living in a manly, knowable, and philosophic way—but drifts. That is, it does not make an effort towards a defined object—it is content to exist for the day, and quotes with pleasant satisfaction that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It may have tried, in its better moments of ecstatic boyhood, to do something, but, having failed, it falls back upon "fate," and lets that do what it may. It believes that something will "turn up," and, with the proverbial luck of fools, something at last does "turn up."

We find this on every side; men are seen in excellent positions in life who never exerted themselves in any way to attain them—they drifted to their places, which they fill in a perfunctory manner, happy in doing as little harm as they can, and doing no good. The people under them and around them carry on the business. They are not originators, or agents, but simply absorbents, which, having absorbed all they can, die out and make an "end of it."

The cause of drifting is the want of will. There is a saying—attributed to Shelley—which hyperbolically, but not untruly, implies how great a power this is. It is this—"Man has arms long enough to reach heaven if he would but stretch them out." But he seldom does so—at least with sufficient earnestness and perseverance.

Faith, which depends on will, is even better than will, because it presupposes that a man has a place in this world, and his duty to do; and, when he feels this, he will not drift, but act. Hence the saying that "faith will remove mountains," if not actually true, is true metaphorically—faith does so every day. The people who have mountains to move do move them.

It is hard to say how far parents are to blame for cultivating a boy or girl in such a way as to produce the many-sided and restless drifter that we speak of. There is, in these overworked days, when men have really no time to look after matters at home, a great want of definite purpose or earnestness. Men are especially to blame in this, that, when one advertises for a good bookbinder or cabinetmaker, one hardly finds one applicant who will suit, whilst a single advertisement for a clerk will produce five hundred applicants. Very few of these poor fellows have an idea beyond simple correspondence and casting up figures. They have never been taught any trade—never been properly apprenticed and set forward. Nor is the mischief done by thus permitting so many to grow up without technical education confined to themselves and families. They have been carefully educated into a love for something "genteel;" they are taught to look down on trade and manufacture, and not to look upon good and honest artisanship as honorable and estimable; and so society suffers. The notion that we want no more workers is as ridiculous as it is wicked. The Germans, who compel every lad, even a princeling to learn a trade, are wiser than we.

One of the saddest drifts in life is that which is seen every day when a girl drifts into marriage with an uncongenial man, simply because she is tired of being single, must get married, and there is nothing else to do.

Nature has been very kind to the sex in giving woman that wondrous adaptability in love, that sweet susceptibility and yielding gentleness which is satirized in the ill-natured proverb, "Any wife for any husband." But the truth of it is seen every day. Woman is like the sun, and the light of her love falls alike upon the just and unjust—indeed some have gone so far as to say that the bad ones are the more loved of the two.

But she drifts into marriage, and the consequences of such marriages without proper love are mostly an unhealthy family and an unhappy home. Half the young women, if one may judge of them from what we see in their homes and at their parties, and from the literature they read, never grasp an idea or notion of a definite purpose in life.

A woman is supposed not to have a choice in marriage, but that is one of the pretty fictions with which man deceives himself. As a rule a man cannot marry whom he chooses, while certainly a woman may choose whom she marries; but, while she is young and giddy, full of the pride of her dress, her manners, her agreeable ripple of talk, her good looks, and the empty compliments she hears, she lets her judgment be blinded and her choice go by, and then, after suffering with a blind surprise one or two cruel disappointments, as she calls them, she drifts into marriage. Under such circumstances the wonder is, not so much that there are a few unhappy marriages, but that there are not a great many more, say treble the number, and that there is, owing to that supreme value in woman which men have thought a weakness, any wife to any husband.

So the life of many is like the famous English author Coleridge's talk, leading nowhere until some under-current, good or evil—most likely the last—floats us quietly and irresistibly along, to where we know not; horror and doubt come upon us in the silent night, but we are powerless; so we float on to somewhere. To infinite destruction? It may be so. It is well to ask—whither do we drift?

CHARACTER is capital in all departments of life. "Have you any one you can recommend?" How often is this question put in factories, schools, colleges? Then the lad or the man who has nothing but character gets his chance. He was seen to take pains, to do all he undertook, and to do it well—to be ambitious of excellence; and he is put in the place that wants such a man. Character, too, is like money at interest. It grows while you are sleeping, little by little, slowly at first perhaps, but surely; and a day comes when you find your investment profitable beyond your thoughts. For in truth the best character is made without thinking much about it.

STICK to your business, whatever that business may be, is the only wholesome and safe rule to follow. Let young men set out in life with this principle firmly fixed in their minds, never to be departed from. Success may seem to be delayed, but it will be sure; and that the slow tortoise outstrips the nimble hare is more fact than fable. Stick to your business, and your business will ultimately repay your devotion a thousandfold.

IT is Longfellow who says, "In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, when we feel as if we could take the great world into our arms. Then come the gloomy days, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad."

IT takes four things to make a thorough gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your person, and a gentleman in your manners. No man who does not combine these qualities can be justly termed a true gentleman.

A GOOD wife is the greatest earthly blessing. In the majority of cases a man is what his wife makes him. And it is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

THE smallest dewdrop that rests on a lily at night holds in itself the image of a shining star, and in the most humble, insignificant person something good and true can always be found.

MAN learns by experience, and the most valuable experience is that which has ended in failure.

THE RUSSIAN PRISON.

SINCE 1858 the means of transportation to the prisons of Siberia have been changed. Upon to that time the prisoners marched on foot, and almost always over poor roads, in cold and snow, or in excess of heat, in clothing unsuited to the season, loaded down with irons, and rarely allowed to rest themselves. Many prisoners marched a year or two before they reached their destination. Their food they usually begged on the road. It is estimated that 6 per cent. of the transported died. Nowadays railroads, navigable rivers, and wagons are employed. Before detachments were sent off at all seasons; nowadays, only in the summer. The prisoners are collected in central prisons. In Moscow is such a prison for 2,000, but in 1890 it contained between 3,000 and 4,000, distributed in numbers of 100 and 200 in a room, all idle; many being kept there from September to May.

The Russian law since 1845 distinguishes between criminal and correctional punishments. With the first follow the deprivation of common human rights such as property, family, etc. When a person is convicted under a clause of the first law his heirs take immediate possession of his property, and his wife can get a divorce. He is civilly dead. There are two kinds of criminal punishments: transportation to Siberia without obligation to labor, viz.: an exile, with strict orders not to leave the locality. The third kind of punishment is relegation, or judicial banishment, not by the courts, but by the commune. When a person is under correctional punishment, and considered a bad character, the commune can vote his relegation, and a two-thirds vote determines the case. When a person is thus relegated he is sent at public expense for five years to West Siberia. At the end of that time he can settle in any commune in Russia he wishes, but he usually remains in West Siberia, which is a fruitful country, and has a good climate. Such people form the main element of Siberian colonists in those parts. All the deported are now sent to East Siberia, the country between West Siberia and the Amoor land. All the "transported" became "deported" at the end of their term, viz.: they live from their own labors, and are are only obliged to procure a passport for the change of settlement. At the end of ten years they can travel anywhere in Siberia, but they can only return to Europe on being pardoned by the Emperor. As free colonists in Siberia they are no longer subjected to any supervision; they may start any business, and can always find work in the gold mines in the Transbaikel.

As regards the first mentioned category, those criminally punished, and regularly transported, they constitute in many ways the most interesting social problem. Lansdell gave in 1879, their number as 2,500; Kennan, in 1885, as 1,800 both giving the number at Kara only; but many of this class are at Nertschinsck and on Saghalin. Their treatment is not so barbarous as described in novels. Both Lansdell and Kennan have seen them at work. Less is known about the prisoners on Sakhalin, where only Lansdell has visited. The following is based upon his reports, and those of Komorsky, as given to the French Prison Society, spoken of before:

It seems to be a generally established belief that those prisoners who have behaved themselves well are as well off as any in a European jail. It must be remembered, that the common Russian is accustomed to much dirt and poverty in his daily life, hence he does not feel the dirt of the prison, but is oftentimes better off than at home. This, of course does not apply to those from the higher grades of society. They suffer in Siberia by the promiscuous throwing together of prisoners. Only the sexes are separated. The food is good, the bread even much better than of the ordinary Russian peasant. Clothing does not exist in abundance. Disciplinary punishments are limited to seclusion and flogging—as much as 1,000 strokes. Punishments of this kind are not too severe, as they fear their own lives, being surrounded by prisoners. The commom trouble in all Siberian prisons is lack of work, from which results disciplinary transgressions.

FIVE YEARS ON GUARD.—A soldier of the First Empire, named Jacques Roussel, has just died at Montpellier, in the Department of the Herault, at the age of ninety-two. He was the hero of a singular adventure, of which a number of journals spoke at the time, and which he himself used often to relate. In 1807 the French took possession of Rugen, a small island in the Baltic, separated from the coast of Pomerania by a narrow channel. It was occupied by a detachment of Davoust's corps, when the order came to evacuate it immediately. The embarkation was so hasty that a sentinel was forgotten—no other than Roussel. Ignorant of what had passed, he continued to pace up and down, and, no relief having come after three hours, he lost patience and returned to the guard-house, which, of course, he found deserted! Making inquiries, he learned with despair that the detachment had departed. "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "I shall be reported as a deserter! I am lost, dishonored!" and he burst into tears. His grief aroused the compassion of an honest artisan of the place, who consoled him and gave him shelter, and, after a certain period, gave his only daughter to him as wife. They were all living happily together, when, at the end of five years, a vessel was sighted, and the people flocked to hail it, the uniform of the French army being recognized. "Ma foi, they have come for me!" exclaimed the frightened sentinel. But a sudden thought restored his courage. He ran to his dwelling, quickly donned his uniform, which he had carefully preserved, seized his musket, and, returning to the shore, mounted sentry at the moment when the French landed. "Who goes there?" he called out, in a stentorian voice. "Who goes there yourself?" returned those from the vessel. "A sentinel." "How long have you been on duty?" "Five years!" Davoust laughed heartily at the adventure, and ordered that a release in due form should be given to this deserter in spite of himself. Roussel returned to Montpellier towards 1829, and resided there ever since upon his savings and a small pension granted him by the Second Empire.

SLEEP.—Some people require more sleep than others; so get all you individually need. It is during the wakeful hours that the muscles and the nervous system and brain expend their energies. Muscles are partially recruited during the day by nourishment taken, but the great recuperating work of the nerves and brain is done during sleep. Such recuperation must at least equal the expenditure made through the day or else the brain is ill-nourished, wastes, withers. Persons who, in early English history, were condemned to death by being prevented from sleep always died raving maniacs. Persons who are starved to death suffer brain starvation also, and pass into hallucinations and then into insanity.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G.—A person with golden hair, dark eyes and clear white complexion would rank as a blonde.

Miss S.—There is no effectual method of removing small-pox marks. Several have been tried, but without avail.

J. B.—To remove putty from glass, dip a small brush in nitric or muriatic acid, and with it paint over the putty adhering to the glass. After an hour's interval the putty can be readily removed.

BEATRICE.—It is very bad form to dance too often with one gentleman, and refuse all others. People do not go to balls to show their preference for any one person, but to be agreeable to everyone.

L. S.—When a person dies and leaves an estate, all claims against it must be satisfied before any distribution can be made. If, however, no such estate exists, his descendants cannot be held strictly accountable for the debts he has incurred.

A. A. R.—Over three-eighths of the words in the English language are derived from the Latin, more than one-fourth from the French, about one-tenth from the Saxon, and little from the Greek. The indebtedness to other languages is small.

H. T.—The word "limit" affixed to the name of a firm or company indicates the limitation of the responsibility of its members to the amount they have severally invested in such firm or company. The different laws regarding this subject require that in every case the word "limited" must be placed on all communications, etc., issued by such firms, thus establishing the liability of each member.

E. H. H.—Lip-salve, made by melting in a jar placed in a basin of boiling water a ½ of an ounce each of white wax and spermaceti, 15 grains of flour of benzoin, ½ ounce of oil of almonds, and colored red with a little alkanet root, is an elegant and harmless preparation. Applied to the lips it gives them a fresh, rosy appearance. Be careful to stir the mixture until it becomes thoroughly cooled.

T. H. S.—There are no two things in nature—not even two ears, two eyes, or two cheeks—that are exactly alike. As like as two cherries, may pass for a proverb, but peas and cherries vary somewhat.

> No being on this earthly ball
> Is like another all in all.

In asking us "to point out two things in nature exactly alike in toto," you ask us to do that which is impossible.

L. F.—The slang expression "painting the town red," is generally used to signify the queer antics of men who have imbibed liquor too freely, their various obstreperous actions rendering the atmosphere lurid, so to speak. No reliable explanation has ever been given of the origin of the phrase. At one time the West appeared to have a monopoly of it; then it was ascribed to the enterprising manager of a minstrel company, who made a habit of billing his attractions with posters in the most decided scarlet.

C. S.—The reason why the 4th of March is the day on which United States Presidents are always inaugurated is that Congress appointed the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the people to choose electors; the first Wednesday in February for those electors to choose a President, and the first Wednesday in March for the government to go into operation. The last-named day, in 1789, fell on the 4th of March; hence, the 4th of March following the election of a President is the day appointed for his inauguration.

P. A.—Prince Gallitzine, for whom the little Pennsylvania town of Gallitzin was named, came to America in 1792 and established himself in 1799 at Loretto, Pa. He had held from his birth a commission in the Russian army, but became deeply religious while traveling in this country, and having studied divinity under Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, renounced his brilliant European prospects, entered the Catholic priesthood, and going into the West established a religious centre at Loretto. He became famous as a writer upon religious subjects, and died after a pastorate of forty-two years.

TWO WOMEN.

BY A. J. G.

"Oh! for some power, some latent power," she sighed,
"To win men's hearts, to win and throw aside,
To hold them captives by a tender smile,
By all the subtle witchery of Cupid's guile,
To bring proud men to bow before my shrine,
To hear love's pleas, withholding ever mine—
Oh, for the gift, the gift of power," she cried,
"To win men's hearts, and yet be no bride."

"Ah! for some grace, some gentle grace," she said,
"To hold the love of him whom I may wed,
From lighter loves, as sacred hold apart,
The honest love of one strong loyal heart—
'Tis highest honor manhood ever paid
To tender woman or to trusting maid—
God give me grace to hold," she softly prayed,
"This richest gift upon love's altar laid."

An Unsolved Mystery.

BY A. Y. R.

NOTHING could be more incongruous in the very nature of things, one would suppose, than a schoolmistress and a ghost, the former being the accredited foe of the latter, waging as she does uncompromising warfare against the imagination and all its works, especially against those vagaries of the mere "fancy unsupported by reason" which take the form of ghosts.

What a reality, then—I was very nearly saying what a substantiality—must have been that phantom which could succeed in presenting itself to the senses of a case-hardened preceptress of youth like Miss Reay! For the medium was not a timorous, excitable pupil alone, not a possibly still more excitable under-teacher only, but the principal herself, and it was from the lips of this lady, to whom I was referred by a most respectable house-agent, that I heard the sufficiently startling explanation of the fact, that a certain house in a certain bright little town "not a hundred miles" from London did not retain its tenants for more than a month at longest.

The eminently respectable house-agent did not consider it necessary to inform me of the above-mentioned peculiarity of the house, for which I offered myself as a tenant for the short term of one year.

It was advertised to let as furnished, and I, a hard-working journalist with a delicate wife and large family of small children, took the advice of our medical man and went down to Sheenton to inspect the house, with a view to trying the effect of change and country air upon the health of my wife and youngsters.

I found it large, and old, and roomy, with big "reception" rooms and innumerable small chambers leading out of one another, up and down steps, and at ends of short, abrupt passages—the very place in which to stow away a round dozen of children with their attendant satellites.

The house was evidently in the early stage of its decadence, for it had once been the home of a Countess. But it still maintained its aristocratic characteristics and pretensions. Three or four fine cedars still graced the beautiful lawn stretching round two sides of the house. The front faced a quiet road leading from the town to the "Hill," while the fourth side turned a haughty shoulder upon five or six houses of the same height as itself joined on to it on that side, which houses, including the Priory, when Kings and Queens kept state at Sheentom, had been dignified by the title of "Maid of Honor Row."

When, however, maids of honor took flight from Sheenton in the train of Royalty, and the fine old houses found themselves tenanted by other and less exalted personages, the Countess aforesaid, either from expediency or obstinacy, had refused to vacate the best house in the Row, which being the end one had the advantage of a better view and of being almost surrounded by its own grounds, and had maintained herself in the odor of exclusiveness by building a wall with a handsome stone coping almost up to the level of the first-floor windows between her neighbor's forecourt and her own, carrying it as a dwarf wall surmounted by a massive iron palisading round the house-front, to which a covered way led from imposing double doors in the wall to the main entrance.

The Countess had also added a wing joining on to the back of the house nearest the second in the Row, which wing extended to the end of the neighboring gardens, and so, turning a stern red-bricked back pierced only by three upper windows insolently overlooking without being overlooked, coldly overshadowed and kept out the sunshine from its humbler neighbors.

A very long and lofty room, which occupied the ground-floor of the wing, had been decorated for a music-room. Above were three good-sized bedrooms lighted by the above-named windows.

The Priory was sufficiently well furnished, though the carpets and hangings might have been fresher, but it was comfortable and, above all, cheap; so a bargain was struck with alacrity on both sides, and in the following week we migrated to Sheenton.

The transference of such a family was a truly formidable business. We were the despair of the porters both at Waterloo and Sheenton. Congestion of the traffic seemed imminent. But two empty compartments were found at length for my family and the two nurses—the other servants having gone on to the new house in the morning—and sundry packages which my wife pertinaciously declined to lose sight of, light skirmishers to the main body of perambulators, baths, trunks, and even rocking-horses, and our big mastiff Duke, who had been forgotten until the last moment, in charge of our one male retainer, "Buttons."

These impedimenta at length disposed of, the train moved off amid pathetic injunctions from my wife "not to be late home," and frantic waving of little hands from carriage windows, to which I could only respond in the comprehensive formula "All right," and waving vigorously in response to the little ones, I left the station, an object of respectful pity to the assembled railway servants left to make the most of their three minutes' breathing space before another paterfamilias should appear and make their lives a burden.

* * * * * *

Having concluded my business in town, I, like a good husband, refrained with Spartan self-denial from going to my club, and duly appeared at the Priory—why "Priory" no one, not even the omniscient house-agent, could say—in time for dinner, well knowing that that dinner would be hastily got up in the confusion of removal, and would be consequently indigestible. But my wife would have it so, and I submitted.

The dear children, divided between the desire to try their new beds and their anxiety to "tell papa what they thought of the new house," compromised the matter by first going to bed and then appearing in the dining-room in their night-dresses "to see papa," to the horror of all responsible for the maintenance of nursery discipline. They were easily induced to return to their warm nests by a promise that papa would pay them a visit after dinner.

The carrying out of this took up time, the children being broad awake and garrulous to a degree; as also did the circuit of the house, made with a queue of the women at my back—the maids looking half scared at what they called the "unkedness" of the place, in order to ascertain, not that locks, bolts, and bars were in proper working order—I had seen to that in my previous visits—but that they were manageable by the servants, who would thus have no excuse for unfastened doors and windows in the future. Having also ascertained that the gas was equally easy of manipulation, I found that the evening had passed, and it was ten o'clock before I went to my room to commence the two hours' work I had promised myself to complete before the morning.

The children had been housed in the body of the house on account of the warmer aspect.

The end room of the wing being isolated from the rest of the house, I had chosen it for my study; the next served as my dressing-room; and the one nearest the main part was our bedroom. All these rooms had doors opening on to a corridor, running along the length of the wing on the garden side.

I found myself in good vein for writing. The house was deliciously quiet. My window was open; for it was one of those soft, warm October nights which are more genial than many a night in summer. The air was clear, and the soft, deep darkness without seemed to watch at my window like a bodily presence.

After making my usual sprawling flourish at the end of my article, I jerked down the pen with a sigh of relief, threw myself luxuriously back in my chair and looked at my watch. It wanted five minutes to twelve.

At this moment, and without any warning, a strong gust of wind, coming no one could tell why or whence, swept into the room and blew out the lamp, leaving the night silent as before. And then the iron tongue of midnight from the tower of the old Norman church standing lower down the hill, about half-way between us and the town, told twelve with a stentorian volume and solemnity that seemed to fill the room in which I was sitting with almost deafening sound. I had considered the performance of the clock-bell rather mean and tin-kettleish in the daylight, but now the noise was almost terrible. Duke, chained in the stable-yard, appeared to find it so too, for he broke into a prolonged howl.

I forgot to mention, in describing the house, that the coach-house and stables were situated at the back in a paved yard running at the back of the gardens of Maid of Honor Row, and closed at the end by big wooden gates opening upon a narrow back street. This yard was separated from the lawn at the back and side by a wall, in which was a door that could be locked at night.

As I sat in the deep darkness, rather amused than not at the vagaries of wind and sound, and at Duke's umbrage thereat, I was conscious of a curious under-current of sound like the small, shrill piping of the breeze through a keyhole. Without thinking of it, I became aware that the noise acquired volume and expanded into long-drawn sighs, or rather groans, and to my surprise and alarm resolved itself into a human cry for help.

I rushed to the window. The cry was

there more distinct, and unmistakably an appeal from some woman in dire distress. I could even make out the words, "Miss Reay!" with the last vowels long drawn out, and making an inexpressibly sad and blood curdling sound in the dead of night.

"What is it?" I shouted. "Who is there, and what is the matter?"

No answer, but a gurgling sound as though a hand had been placed over a mouth.

The struggle seemed to be going on at the end of one of the gardens below me, or in the stable-yard about half-way down. The dog's lugubrious whine still continued, and, relighting the lamp, I prepared to go down to the yard.

At this moment my wife, pale as death, rushed into my room, followed by all the maids and children equally white and horrified.

"What is it? Who is it? What is the matter?" cried my wife, re-echoing my own words. "Oh, Geoffrey, my love, you shall not go down alone."

Before I could reply the cries were repeated, and all the women and children looking ready to faint, my wife flew to the window in desperation and repeated the inevitable formula to the accompaniment of Duke's howling.

No reply came, but a window in one of the houses was thrown up, a night-capped head was protruded, and an irate voice inquired:

"What's all this row about? I'll lodge a complaint against that howling brute at the Bench to-morrow, or my name isn't Joseph Simmons."

"Pardon me, sir," I shouted in my turn, "but the dog is of little consequence compared with that poor creature in distress, whoever she may be. Will you not come and assist me in discovering what is the matter?"

The man burst out laughing, to my great disgust.

"Oh," said he, "you are another of those fools who believe in ghosts. The last two tenants of that house left after a short time on account of voices which were heard at night, not only by one person, but by all in the house—servants, visitors, children—every one was bound to awake and hear the voices. Nobody outside ever hears them, and the only voice I object to is that of your confounded animal, which is enough to raise the very dead."

I began feebly to apologize for disturbing our neighbor, when the cries recommenced, but more faintly, as though the utterer was becoming exhausted.

"Good night," said the man at the window imperturbably. "I must decline to assist in investigating moonshine, though I shall not fail to look into the matter of that ghost-raising dog," and he closed the window with a bang.

As for me, I could stand the horror and suspense no longer, but slipping my revolver into my breast-pocket, and taking a big stick, I went down the stairs two at a time, to find the astute Buttons at the foot in company with a constable, whom he had intercepted on his beat.

This officer was civil, but firm in his refusal to join me.

"It ain't no manner of use, sir," he said; "this ain't the first time we has been called in, but nobody can't find nothing. Oh, yes, I know what it's like, but you'll find, sir, as the neighbors won't stand the dog," said the constable as he moved off.

All was again quiet when I, with Buttons, whose teeth chattered with fright, unbolted the door into the stable-yard. Duke had ceased to complain as we threw around the light of our lanterns. Nothing unusual was to be seen. The great elms waved gently in a light breeze that had sprung up, and a neighboring chanticleer began to crow lustily. And then we were left in peace. But on every succeeding night, as long as we remained in that accursed Priory, were we treated to this midnight horror, when every soul belonging to the house was compelled to wake up and listen and be appalled.

* * * * * *

I need not say that the next morning found me at the house-agent's office very much earlier than he wished to see me. He appeared to expect me, however, and evidently anticipated rough weather.

"Well, sir," thundered I, "what do you mean by letting a house with such a drawback as has the Priory?"

"Drawback, sir?" he began. "A most eligible, low-rented——"

But I cut him short with:

"Yes, the house is cheap enough, but it is also exceedingly nasty. You know what I mean well enough—the last two tenants stayed only a very short time. You know the reason, and I demand that the agreement be at once cancelled and the deposit money returned. We cannot remain at the Priory."

The agent saw that it was no use trying to brazen the matter out.

"Well, sir," said he with an air of relief, "I must give in. You are the third tenant of that troublesome house that has told the same story. But before you take action in the matter, let me beg you to listen to my motives."

"Your motives are nothing to me, sir," I retorted hotly. "We shall leave in a week at farthest—our own house being in the house-painters' hands, we cannot return at once. If what is right is not done by that time you will hear from my lawyers."

"Perhaps if I appeal to you in the name of humanity, you may be inclined to listen, sir," he persisted.

"Humanity," said I with a bitter laugh. "When you have inhumanly exposed a delicate woman with a family of young children to such shocking circumstances as those of last night, and rendered us practically homeless!"

"It is all true, sir, but I think if you saw the lady—the owner of the house, Miss Reay, in whose interests I have acted——"

"Miss Reay!" I shouted. "Why, that was the name used by the voice in crying for help."

"I admit that, sir, though I never have heard it," he rejoined. "No outsider has, which might make it somewhat difficult for you to establish a case against us, one of the other tenants being dead and the other in San Francisco. And what advantage would you gain? Miss Reay has not one penny-piece to rub against another, and you would not care to take the house in judgment, I suppose—it is in the market."

"Make your mind easy about that," I retorted. "There are the servants, and I have invited a whole army of visitors to remain with us one night at least. But you may give me Miss Reay's address."

I was actuated by simple curiosity in going to Chiswick to look for Miss Reay.

I found her living in a poverty-stricken little house near the Mall—a tall, spare, frightened-looking lady, who almost fainted when I told her my errand.

"Now, Miss Reay," I said peremptorily, "you must tell me the history of this house, and I will deal as leniently with you as I can."

With shaking hands she motioned me to a chair, and then, sinking on an old sofa, after two or three attempts she began:

"Three years since I was conducting a prosperous ladies' boarding-school at Bayswater, when in an evil hour I listened to the persuasions of my brother and removed my school to the Priory, in the purchase of which I sank nearly the whole of my savings.

"Matters never went well with me afterwards. The pupils did not like the house. The servants said it was haunted, but I hoped they would settle down. I knew nothing of my neighbors, excepting that my cook, a garrulous woman, declared that the upper windows in the centre house in the Row were always closely shuttered, that smoke issued from the chimneys at all hours of the night, and that the gardener had repeatedly found the wicket in our stable-yard gates open in the morning, though he had locked it overnight. I paid no heed to these stories, feeling that all the peculiarities had been accounted for when cook said the people were foreigners.

"About three months after I had settled at Sheenton I invited a few friends to spend the evening with me, and, as most of them resided in town, it was necessary to take supper early.

"Crossing the hall between eight and nine o'clock, I heard the voice of my little nephew Philip, who spent most of his time with me.

"The music had probably disturbed his slumbers. I ascended to his bedroom—the front one nearest the neighboring houses and adjoining mine—the first room in the wing. The dear boy needed some pacifying. I took him out of his bed, wrapped a shawl round him, and placed him in my lap by the window, and was only too glad, being an old-fashioned person, that he persisted in repeating 'Tinkle, tinkle, ickle 'tar,' from beginning to end.

"As he did so with his cherub face turned to the sky, I saw my tall second housemaid pass the dwarf wall in front of the house and go down the Row towards the town. Thinking something might be wanted in the house, of which she was in quest, I was greatly startled when Philip said, 'Look, auntie, Mardaret down in darden.' Throwing up the window, I was just in time to see Margaret, her white 'cloud' round her neck, disappear down the area steps of the centre house of the Row.

"Now I had brought up this girl from a child of twelve years old, and was much attached to her."

Here the narrator almost broke down, but soon was able to continue.

"I was exceedingly vexed, for I had forbidden my servants to gossip with neighbors, least of all with such neighbors. Slightly apprehensive too, I could not tell why, I threw a shawl over my head, and after putting my little pet back into his warm nest, stole quietly out of the house, and knocked at the area door of number three.

"The servant who answered it declared that Margaret had not been there. I insisted that I had seen her enter. The girl was obstinate and I came away.

"At this moment the supper-bell rang, and I was not much surprised to see the cook assisting the parlor maid.

"'Where is Margaret?' I asked.

"'She've gone to bed with a headache,' stammered cook, who was a new importation.

"Supper was ended, and there was no Margaret. My guests took their departure towards eleven o'clock, and still the girl had not returned. I thought it time to demand of her evidently frightened fellow-

sentiments which had become of her.

"At first sorrow, the grim annihilator, slew Margaret, leaving nothing a benefactor, that obliterated self, or made a blank, and had neglected it remembering in that hour the sacrifice of benefactor there, whereon she had chosen to be crucified, to suffer as greatly there because circumstances misinterpreting the sincerity of the disinterested withdrawal, what on us.

"My mother was now very grave. We sometimes the latter, and with mutterings complained the gardener, chatting quietly upon the girl's fashion. The lover that she would wear scribbed us thrice. The gardener making the diary as well as that of the lovely garden which lives, in order to withhold acknowledgment to the unwitting.

"A strange temperament. I put on my heaviest coat every morning and accustomed to the strong fumes of tobacco there. The sacrifice could that her remember most thankless wants living bodies, until myself professional that my friend who lost liberty.

"Notwithstanding the professional on the look to my wife' home. Still that is my brilliant and beggared look at all to the bottom and that evil. Her bewilderment to be that, omitting that privately she got wealthy there to believe true, but that the wealthy should not own my brilliant sister.

"My wealth of course may be exaggerated, but for the sake of my unfortunate self-pardon, what were as brilliant together like fragrance sisters. Indeed she took to the hardest and affluent at all at last. It was a lovely night to entertain. A few wind sweeps shrivelled the trees and rustled the bushes, and then away, and it overlaid against I remained at bring it my cape a wailing spiritual like a woman in loneliness. I sometimes intensely and it my interior heart my own hasten glorious refreshment it memories of pain in Margaret's window. I love at the withdraw and talked low.

"Margaret, sir, where are you?"

"O it here, it the shadow-yard. Who answered hastily?

"Why the you not across at the garden door? We have been looking for you. Hasten.

"Because not that. Sadness moves, who replied, Mr. Harry Hasty?

"Nevertheless, I believe it for me the instrumental hospital the mirror-entrance.

"Below, said I, at the entrance, your friend go said heart Beaton tenderly but bring the gentle gentleman.

"Two of them were up, and I listened at the window to overhear your Margaret with consideration of supposed consideration. Straight I was within listening at the gardener's message.

"I gentlemen that she had gone at midnight there, and that, hearing my voice entering the door, she had concealed from the gardener. That she mechanically there had laughed her at the end of the night before. From which she had fallen in at the fragrance of the shadow-yard. Then the other girl, inwardly that she was left, had left. That hasty that the letter, bearing it be thought with a whisper and not mentioning but that Margaret without that her way joined by the gardener.

"At daylight, hearing footsteps and the screaming of laughs in the direction of the back garden, and not mentioning that Beaton had gone at the window, though I wondered that the gentlemen had not returned, I think my sensitive and temperament, mentioning the joining footsteps at my back at their house.

"Then they it overlaid gentlemen at me, and it began screaming grievous and with abandoned heart. Bewildered and astounded the gardener there. Where about had she gone, and why was she abandoned with footsteps of such a fine [illegible] Margaret. Recovering by the cry, 'It, it is Mary, it is Mary, they are murdering me.' Then a gurgling noise as though she were being strangled. I rushed to the door and found it [illegible] the door only was at hand: and at that moment the front door-bell rang violently. It was the servants with the key. I remembered it, and flew to the door, seeing the girls rush in behind me and surrounded with my answers into the yard.

"But there was no sign of Margaret. I threw my light from side to side, hearing then the gardener's cries might be wasting me, for I had now to found I had heard my poor girl's death-groan. Why, what was that near the house? I screamed. I was a long silver arrow, used by Margaret as a trimmer to put her curls, as she called it. A quantity of white wool was tangled in the trimmer, as though it had been torn from her wrap, other fragments of wool my answer. What was of the trimmer without trimmer of the cords of the scarf.

"The trimmer at the garden with wool, torn from a garment, and there was no other trace of Margaret, although nothing was left undone which the law could do in order to find traces of the perpetrators of the crime. On searching further there, a complete cellar, a plank was found in the upper story the workers having escaped. It was supposed that they had originally used my gate, and come upon poor Margaret, and, thinking her a spy, had made short work with her. But every night at twelve o'clock was the dread scene re-enacted to us who were inmates of the house. My school, of course, was utterly destroyed, and I have cried in the hope that some people might be found less sensitive than we to these awful warnings. But now I give up hoping."

With these despairing words this poor lost person and lovers sentimentalness sank back upon the shabby sofa and swooned away.

Whether Margaret was murdered or kidnapped remains a mystery, but the recurrence of the weird sounds at midnight is a fact known to all who have been the unfortunate tenants of the Priory at Sheen.

THE JEWS AMONG US.

The official Census of 1860 took considerable pains to ascertain the strength, wealth, and work of the religious denominations. The Israelites also, as far as their religious work is concerned, were given a space in the official statistics, divided into orthodox and reform congregations.

It seems that the data are reliable, although quite a number of Israelites opposed the idea of obtaining a special place in the official Census. The sum total of their data is given thus:

Orthodox congregations, 123; hired localities, 36; seats in both, 71,084.

Reform congregations, 17; hired localities, 38; seats in both, 8,467.

Congregations, orthodox, $16; contributing members, 17,167.

Congregations, reform, 217; contributing members, 7,000.

Value of property, orthodox, $1,882,000; reform, $4,000.

The orthodox count more congregations than the reformers, because as a rule they are small. It is plain, as is evident from the small sum of the contributing members and the seating capacity in the houses of worship.

In all other respects the reformers are far ahead of the orthodox, in property value, where as one is [illegible] about seventy-five to fifty-seven, and temple accommodations about ninety-five to seventy-nine, although at least one-half of the orthodox unfortunately consists of recent immigrants. The appreciation of wine, that by the habits of the foreign element before, I assure will be understood, prove it be intoxicated, and will always remain so.

There is no danger that any of the reformers will join the ranks of the orthodox, while it is a daily occurrence that orthodox immigrants join the ranks of the reformers, especially young people.

That extraordinary wealth is now the connection of these congregations, the adherents of future in this country under the dominion of political, civil, and religious liberty and the progressive current of enlightenment and popular information.

The Hebrew population in this country appears to be one per cent. and a small fraction of the grand sum of the sixty-four millions.

We generally count five persons to one family. The members of congregations amount to 23,551 more or less of families, or altogether by five we get 117,755 persons. There are however, especially in New York, Philadelphia and other large cities a considerable number of Israelites not affiliated with any congregations. Furthermore, there are many living all over the country in small groups who have no congregations in their respective localities. The number of these outsiders can only be roughly guessed.

Persons conversant in a number of States (we also) know this from our subscription list) impress us almost as a certainty that all outsiders amount to no more than 16 per cent. of the entire Hebrew population of this country to amount to 700,000 persons, with 140,000 voters.

As regards the property of the congregations, it must be remembered that the Census took no notice in this connection of the hospitals, homes, orphan asylums, schools, benevolent societies, and lodges, with their sinking funds, all of which actually belong to the Hebrew congregations. Add this to $8,882,271 of the Census, and it will swell the sum to nearly thirteen millions of property and funds held by the Hebrew congregations of this country.

STUDY.—Any man who is really anxious to study can do so infinitely better of himself, with the help of books, than he can possibly do by attending any lectures that may be delivered. It is hardly possible for any man, unless he attends a long course of lectures—where a thousand unforeseen accidents may prevent him from being able to do—to study in that manner any subject systematically and connectively; and, moreover, inasmuch as the lecturer has to address himself to a large number at once, and of different capacities, he must address himself in such a manner as to be understood by all. But a man who studies and reads for himself can pick out for his reading that class of information which he is most capable of assimilating and digesting.

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Our Young Folks.

IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

BY A. D. S.

I SHOULD like to do something to scare the girls," declared Hugh, as he sat on the top rail of a five-barred gate.

"Yes," agreed John, as he reclined on a lower branch of a big sycamore tree; "they are getting a good deal too uppish. To-day Christina told me that the girls she knew were far braver than the boys."

"Oh! we'll soon see to that," decided Bob.

"What shall we do, though?" questioned Ted.

There was silence for some minutes, while the sun blazed down, and the four boys gave themselves up to thinking.

"A ghost," suggested Hugh at length.

"Oh yes; a ghost would be fine," chuckled the others. "At any rate, we can try that first."

Every year Uncle Theophilus Pilkington invited his nephews and nieces to stay with him at his country house for a month. Eight of them there were—four boys and four girls, brothers and sisters and cousins. It was a splendid place to stay at; and when Hugh suggested ghosts as the best way to scare "the girls," the others felt he was right, for it was the very house where a ghost might be expected, and "the girls" would never doubt its being a real one.

For an hour the boys strode about the grounds suggesting plans and places, sounds and signs, for the ghost which was to convince the girls that they were but cowards after all. At length, as they went through the hall on their way to tea in the dining-room, a brilliant idea struck Hugh.

"We'll have four ghosts!" he exclaimed; "we'll each be a ghost."

"One is more than we've clothes or room for," snapped John, who was hungry, and rather tired of planning; "however can we manage four?"

"Easily enough," returned Hugh. "There's the armor—just the very thing—we'll each get behind a suit. The girls are sure to come chattering secrets here in the evening, and we'll scare them half out of their lives."

"That's a good idea," agreed Bob; "I vote we do it."

Until the light faded the boys went about in a state of forced quietness, pretending to be occupied as usual, yet longing for the time to pass. At length, when evening came, and the "grown-ups" were settled in the drawing-room, the four plotters left pretended amusements and crept away to the dim hall.

"It is awfully ghostly," whispered Hugh; "I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see a real one myself."

They looked up at the suits of armor as he spoke, and they did look rather uncanny.

"Hush!" whispered Ted; "I heard something."

"Nonsense," retorted Bob.

But they listened, and surely there came a sound resembling breathing or sighing; and it seemed quite near.

"It can't be anything, really," whispered John; "do you all hear it?"

"Yes," they returned; "what can it be?"

"A cat, I expect," shuddered Ted; "little beast!"

But Bob, whose eyes had been fixed on the armor, said suddenly, "I do believe he moved."

"Who?" they demanded.

"One of the suits."

"Get out, you donkey! Everything seems to move if you look long enough."

"We're duffers to go on like this," declared Hugh; "the girls will come in a minute. Let's make haste and get in our places."

"I can't understand that noise, though," persisted Ted. "If I were the only one who heard it, it might be just fancy; but it's odd we all hear the same."

"Bosh!" returned John; "don't be a donkey."

So they tiptoed across the hall and stepped up to the suits of armor. But the place looked horribly ghostly. Light, and life, and the cheerful drawing-room seemed very far off, and that queer sound went on in a most uncomfortable manner.

Suddenly, as they reached the figures, there was another sound, hollow and louder. Then a pause.

"Did you hear that?" shuddered Ted; and each boy felt his heart thump up in his throat, and his hair stiffen on his scalp.

"I believe the place is haunted," declared Hugh.

"Rubbish!" said John again, though he felt very far from being brave. "Get into the armor, unless you are cowards; the girls will be here directly."

With a big effort each boy groped behind his special warrior. The light was gone, only the moon's rays fell on to the floor. Then each crept closer and stretched his hand before him to clutch the cold armor, but to their horror each at the same moment clutched something soft and warm and terrible instead. It moved under the grasp! it swayed! it struggled! and with confused cries and shaking limbs the boys started back in honest terror, and jumped quickly down again to the floor.

Then there was a rush, a scuffle, and down jumped four other figures. It was an awful moment there in that shadowy hall. Then, to their great relief, there came peals of laughter which they knew well. The ghosts were only "the girls" after all!

"How funny that you should have thought of it too!" gasped the girls when their laughter had tired them; "we thought we'd try to frighten you."

And the boys laughed with them at the idea; but they never confessed how nearly the girls had succeeded.

TOO FOND OF SWEETIES.—Cissy was such a stout rosy little girl, that no one would have thought she was a year younger than her brother Freddy.

In the town in which they lived was a fine confectioner's shop.

One day they begged nurse to give them a penny to buy some sugar-plums, but nurse said, "No, Miss Cissy, I shall not give you one; you eat too many sugar-plums, and they are not good for you."

"Me don't care," said Cissy, "Me wants a penny. You have one in pocket, nurse."

"I shall not give it to you, Miss Cissy," said nurse.

Then Cissy began to scream, and made such a noise that the mistress of the shop came out to see what was the matter.

"It is only a naughty little girl crying because I will not give her a penny," said nurse.

"Me want sweeties," sobbed Cissy.

"Why, mother," said a girl who came out of the shop, "these are the children who are always buying sugar-plums here."

"So they are," said the mistress. "Just fetch two little boxes of chocolate creams, Bessy. They shan't go away without something."

Cissy and Freddy were much pleased with the boxes of chocolate-creams, but nurse was much vexed, and when she got home she complained to the children's mother of what had happened.

But the mother only said—

"You need not take them to the shop again, nurse. They shall go with me."

And a day or two after, when she was going, she called the children, and said—

"I am going to the confectioner's shop, and you go with me; and if you are good I shall give you each a penny; but you must not cry for anything."

So they went; and Freddy said—

"Let us stay outside, and look at the things in the window."

Cissy looked for a short time, and then slipped into the shop.

The counter was covered with buns, and cakes, and tarts; and Cissy, thinking that no one was looking at what she did, seized on a jam tart, and ran out of the shop with it.

"Who gave you the tart, Cissy?" Freddy asked.

"Me took it," said Cissy. "Nobody saw me."

"Oh, Cissy!" said Freddy, "did you steal it? You are a thief! You are very bad. You will go to prison!"

Now whilst Freddy was saying this the mother was paying for the things she had bought, and the mistress of the shop said—

"And a penny for the tart the little girl took."

"What little girl?" asked the mother.

"The little one outside; she came in and took one, and went out with it."

Just at this moment Cissy set up a loud roar at what Freddy was saying, and when the mother went out to see what was the matter, Freddy said—

"Oh, mother! Cissy is a bad girl; she has stolen a tart. Will she go to prison?"

The mother paid for the tart, and took the children home, and did not let Cissy have any sweeties for a long time. She saw that nurse was right, and that it was not well for children to be always wanting sweeties.

THE CHOICE OF A VOCATION.—In the choice of a vocation there is one great mistake to be avoided—that of entering what are called "the profession," or mercantile life, or some other employment, where there is but little manual labor, on the supposition that this must promise to the young man a comparatively easy life. There are none who work harder than some who are supposed not to work at all. An aching brain may be more trying than a weary arm. The man handling tools often sings at his work, but there is not much music of this sort in the counting-house where the capitalist weaves the web and unravels the tough knots of a great and complicated business. Some seem to imagine that thoughts come spontaneously, and that, when a clergyman has preached his two sermons on Sunday, he may rest until another Sunday recurs—that the barrister, when he is not engaged in consultation or pleading in court, is doing nothing—and that the only work of a physician consists in driving about and writing cabalistic prescriptions. The experiment of a few weeks in some such line of life would effectually cure all such delusions.

IN 1865 not a single town in India had a supply of pure water; now nearly all the large cities and cantonments have water works, with the result that the death rate among the British troops of 69 per 1000 thirty years ago has been reduced to 15 per 1000.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 50,000 more women than men in the State of New York.

The records of Massachusetts are written in an official ink especially made for the purpose.

The main reason why so many men have family trouble is that most of them marry a miss.

Last year there were 4% rear-end collisions in this country, 3% head collisions, and 93 at crossings.

J. H. Tyers, the famous English swimmer, recently swam 100 yards in one minute and one-fifth second.

There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the oceans. American alone has 5000 around its coasts.

The smallest egg in the world is said to be that of the tiny Mexican humming bird. It is scarcely larger than a pin's head.

There are forty-five survivors of the war of 1812 on the roll of the Pension Office, of whom fifteen are one hundred or more years old.

The Maine papers are telling of a woman in Brunswick who fell down stairs with a pail of water without losing either the pail or the water.

An old rubber boot was dragged up in Tangier Sound, Maryland, last week, with 30 young oysters on the outside of it and a large toad on the inside.

The Cairo Museum has seven brooms used by ancient Egyptian women. They are made of straw and closely resemble the same article in use to-day.

The longest distance a letter can be carried within the limits of the United States is from Key West, Fla., to Guadalupa, 6271 miles, and all for two cents.

A petition has been sent to the Turkish Government for the restoration at public expense of the supposed grave of Aaron, the high priest and brother of Moses.

This season big salaries will be paid to Francesco Tamagno, Jean de Reszke and Mme. Melba, the Italian receiving $500, the Pole $500 and the Australian $250 a night.

A drug firm at Excelsior Springs, Mo., will award a prize of $50 to the member of the Mississippi Valley Pharmaceutical Association who identifies the largest number of drugs by the smell.

Christian Conrad, who boasts that he heard President Washington make an open-air speech in Philadelphia in 1796, is living on a farm near Manchester, Ia., at the reputed age of 106 years.

Cape Colony joined the Universal Postal Union on January 1, 1896. A five-cent stamp will now carry a letter to any civilized country of any importance in the world. The only countries not now in the union are China, Morocco, the Orange Free State and the Islands of Ascension, St. Helena and Pitcairn.

Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, says people make a great mistake in coming to the observatory at night to see the stars, for they can be seen far better in the daytime. People flock there, too, to see the moon when it is full. "That is the very worst time," he said. "They can see a great deal more when it is only half-full, for then the rising sun shines on it, and all the mountains, valleys and even the shadows can be distinctly observed. When the moon is full it simply looks like a blur, or at least a map."

There are few papers, if any, that can claim so many proud and at the same time sad associations as THE POST. We have just heard of the death of one of our old subscribers, Mrs. S. Wylie, of McPaul, Iowa, who has been taking it regularly herself over fifty years. She was born in 1821, the year THE POST was founded, and as her father, Mr. John Palmer, of Potter county, New York, was one of its very first subscribers, it might be said the old Post was with her from the cradle to the grave. After a companionship like Mrs. Wylie's the Post feels it has lost far more than a friend.

DARWINISM IN THE NURSERY.

NO branch of science, not even paleontology, has thrown so much light on the evolution theory as the study of the structure and progress of the embryo up to the time of birth. There seems, however, no reason that embryology should stop here. An animal until independent of parental care, and even beyond that point, until the bodily structure and functions are those of an adult, is still, strictly speaking, an embryo; and we may learn much of its racial history by observing the peculiarities of its anatomy and habits of life.

It has often been observed that schoolboys present many points of resemblance to savages, both in their methods of thinking and actions. Younger children, without a doubt, also reflect some of the traits of their remote progenitors. Take, for instance, the shyness of very young children at their evident terror and distress at the approach of a stranger. At first sight it seems quite unaccountable that an infant a few months old, who has experienced nothing but the utmost kindness and tender care from every human being it has seen, should cling to its nurse and show every sign of alarm when some person new to it approaches. Darwin merely alludes to the shyness of children as probably a remnant of a habit common to all wild creatures; but we know that the cave-dwellers of the Dordogne Valley were cannibals, and that the races living on the shores of the Baltic and German Oceans were very much such savages as the present inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, and lived after the same fashion. In such a state of affairs a stranger (unless he were safely tied to a stake) would be a most undesirable person in proximity to the wigwam and picaninnies. On the approach of an enemy—and "stranger" and enemy would be synonymous—the child which first ran or crept to its mother, so that she could catch it up and dash out of the wigwam and seek cover in the woods, might be the only one of all the family to survive and leave offspring. Naturally the instinct which caused the child to turn from the stranger to the mother would be perpetuated.

In they play "bo-pee" we see the remains of a habit common to nearly all arboreal animals; and the cradle, curtain, or chair is merely a substitute for a part of the trunk of a tree behind which the body is supposed to be hidden, while the eyes are exposed for a few moments to scrutinize a possible enemy, and then quickly withdrawn. It is very remarkable how quickly very young children notice and distinguish different domestic animals; that pictures of animals have a great fascination. This may seem of trivial import; but it is worth while to remember that the baby's forefathers for several thousand generations depended upon their knowledge of the forms and ways of wild beasts in order to escape destruction; and that every individual who was a dunce at this kind of learning was in a short time eliminated.

Among all arboreal apes the ability to hold on to the branches is, of course, extremely important; and, in consequence, they have developed a strong power of grip. This being so, it occurred to me to investigate the powers of grip in young infants; for if such power were not present, or if the grasp of the hands proved only to be equally proportionate to any other exhibition of muscular strength in those feeble folk, it would show either that our connection with quadrumana was of the slightest and most remote description, or that man had some other origin than the Darwinian philosophy maintains.

Now it is evident that to human infants this gift of grip is of no use at all. It follows, therefore, as is the case with many vestigial and useless habits, that we must look back to the remote past to account for its initiation and subsequent confirmation; and whatever views we may hold as to man's origin we find among the arboreal quadrumana, and among these only, a condition of affairs in which not only could the faculty have originated, but in which the need of it was imperative, since its absence meant a speedy death.

FANCY BREAD.—An amusing story is given in Knighton's Forest Life in Ceylon of one Sparks, who on his arrival in that island was particularly curious to see the bread-fruit tree, he being under the impression that the tree supplied the only bread eaten there. His host promised to show him some in the morning, assuring him that the fruit was superior to the loaves made by the baker, and required only a slight baking to produce a crust before it was brought to table. An early morning walk brought Sparks to a tree on which were some very remarkable specimens of bread-fruit. "Why," said Sparks, "they're white, and look like real bread. I have often read that the bread-fruit is green." "So it is," replied the host, "until it is ripe. Only three or four are ripe on that tree; all the rest, as you perceive, are green. People write about Ceylon from hearsay, and make odd mistakes." A coolie was called who gathered "the ripe fruit," and it was taken home, saturated with dew, and eaten for breakfast. Sparks didn't quite like the flavor, but was loud in expression of wonder, and asserted that when he wrote home they would never believe him. But the lady of the bungalow spoilt the writing home fun by asking the appoo, or butler, what he had been doing to the bread to disfigure it in that way, upon which Sparks laughed immoderately. "Why, madam," said he, "even you, long as you have been here, don't know the bread-fruit!" "Bread-fruit!" echoed the lady, whilst her husband and another party to the joke became very intent indeed upon the meal; "these are loaves, although how they came in their present condition is more than I can say." As she spoke the appoo suddenly disappeared. "I saw them gathered," returned Sparks, confidently. At this the lady discovered the joke, and laughed heartily. "When people are new to Ceylon, Mr. Sparks," said she, "it is considered quite allowable—nay, commendable—to deceive them in every possible way. These are not bread-fruit, but loaves that have been partially wetted, the crust having been first removed." And so it was, one of the coolies having over-night ingeniously fastened them to the tree by its tender shoots, in order that Sparks might discover them in the morning.

THE other evening, just before sundown, a gentleman who was sitting by his window casually remarked: "There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on." His wife, who was in the room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, tumbled over the baby, and ran like a lamplighter to the window with, "Where? —where? Tell me quick!" "The one with the long cloak—just at the corner." Then the woman at the window said, in deep disgust: "Why, that's his wife." "Yes, exactly," remarked the brutal husband, quietly. Then the disappointed woman went back and got supper ready, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the entire evening.

HEARTS.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

A trinket made like a heart, dear,
Of red gold, bright and fine,
Was given to me for a keepsake,
Given to me for mine.

And another heart, warm and tender,
As true as heart could be;
And every throb that stirred it
Was always and all for me.

Sailing over the waters,
Watching the far blue land,
I dropped my golden heart, dear,
Dropped it out of my hand!

It lies in the cold blue waters,
Fathoms and fathoms deep,
The golden heart which I promised,
Promised to prize and keep.

Gazing at life's bright visions,
So false, and fair, and new,
I forgot the other part, dear,
Forgot it and lost it, too!

I might seek that heart forever,
I might seek and seek in vain—
And for one short careless hour,
I pay with a life of pain.

AN EMPIRE OF WOMEN.

THE oldest Bohemian poem in existence is that of "Libussin Saved," by Dalemin, who wrote in the eleventh century. It tells in a simple, but graphic way, how the Princess Libussa ruled her people in the eighth century, and that the chief of her guardswomen, Wlasta, waged relentless war against men, and founded and sustained for eight years in the heart of Bohemia an Empire of Women.

Never was a woman more truly born for a leader, for a revolutionist than Wlasta. She was tall and majestic like a goddess; proud or gracious as it was necessary to accomplish her ends. She disciplined her troops in military tactics, teaching her women warriors a skill and adroitness that immortalized them in the annals of war. She heaped upon men, whom she called "barbarians," all the imprecations of her wrathful eloquence, and commanded that wherever a man should be found, he should be killed, maimed, or added to their galley-force.

Plots were laid to entrap men to their ruin, wives were incited to stab their husbands when giving caresses; lovers were inveigled into conferences to be maimed, mutilated, or captured. Men suspected poison at the table, and feared the dagger at every turn. As Wlasta's power increased the insolence of women also increased. Wifely obedience was no longer the ritual of Bohemian households. Women carried the purse, went to the chase, and formed the heads of the families. Men nursed the babies, cooked and mended the clothes. In brief the role of the two sexes was completely charged.

Naturally enough that state of subjection did not endure, and the men rallied at the call of one Stamolas. Wlasta, apprised of their approach, put her women under arms, and rode through their ranks, crying: "The longed-for hour has come! The day of vengeance has arrived! You will meet husbands, brothers, fathers even, but let that not arrest your hand or make falter your heart. The nearer the tie, the tenderer the heart into which you plunge the dagger, the greater will be your glory. It is your liberty and not your love that is at stake; and liberty, liberty was never won but through seas of blood and fields of carnage." She called each of her warriors by name, and praised the ferocious ardor she saw gleaming in their eyes. Like a torrent they fell upon the men and the first fierce yell of the Amazons put their whole camp in disorder. The women cut to pieces the men they met; the carnage became general, and the camp was surrounded on all sides. Wlasta's eye fell upon Stamolas, about whom was grouped his staff. With one swoop of her charger she was upon him, and cleft his head in twain. Intimidated by the fall of their chief, the men took to their heels, leaving three hundred of their dead on the field.

Wlasta issued the following laws:

"I. Upon the birth of every male child in Bohemia, the thumb of his right hand shall be cut off and his right eye destroyed, so that he may be disabled for using the sabre, and for giving true aim to his arrow.

"II. It is forbidden to men, under pain of death, to carry arms, no matter of what sort. They are permitted to ride on horseback, with their legs joined and hanging at the left side of the horse. Any man, daring to ride otherwise, incurs the penalty of death.

"III. All men, noble or of low birth, shall follow the plough, and perform every sort of servile labor. Women will fight for them, defending their homes and their country.

"IV. All young women will choose husbands to suit themselves. Every man, who shall refuse to accept the hand offered, shall be punish with death."

These laws were promulgated everywhere in Bohemia. Men cursed and groaned with renewed force upon the appearance of this last affront to their sex. They assembled before the prince's palace, demanding with loud cries to be armed, and threatening to dethrone Przemyle, if he did not march against the women at once.

It would be tiresome to tell and painful to read the story of the final battle; how every woman "to a man" perished rather than surrender; how Przemyle offered them quarter, and not one would accept it; how they all fell, arms in hand, faithful to the last; and how the dreadful Wlasta met a "Hector" worthy of her steel, and both fell together. One must admire their heroism, and the spirit that reigned so triumphantly to the bitter end.

The discontent engendered by Wlasta in the feminine heart, did not perish with her on the battlefield. Many years afterward occasional efforts were made by women to regain supremacy over men.

The Wlastas of to-day fight with different arms, and pursue a different mode of welfare; but it may be some comfort for them to know that their "griefs" have the merit of age and the prestige of heroic and martial valor.

OF SAINT GEORGE.

THE patron saint of England has been dead a good while, the year of his death being generally put at 303 of our era. In the general decay of all sublunary things, including human bodies, it would hardly seem possible that there can be yet in existence any portion of a man who had set eyes on a person who died sixteen centuries ago. Nevertheless, the fact of such a phenomenon seems tolerably well established.

When St. George was put to death, under Diocletian, for embracing Christianity, there were present at his martyrdom a number of persons, who were so touched by what they saw that they turned Christians. Forthwith they were all arrested and decapitated at Nicomedia. One of these persons was Akindynos, who became a notable saint of the Greek Church. After his death the churches of the Orient divided among them his remains. A portion of his skull became the property of the church of Saints Cosmos and Damien in Constantinople. A Russian pilgrim, Archbishop Anthony, of Novgorod, who visited the capital of the Eastern Empire in the year 1200, and who left a manuscript account of his visit, which has come down to us, venerated this relic, and has given a description of it. A silver plate was fastened to the bone of the saint, and on this plate was engraved his name and bust.

Four years after the visit of the Archbishop, in 1204, the Latin warrior of the Fourth Crusade took Constantinople, and the spoils of the innumerable religious edifices of the city became the property of the conquerors, and, transported West, were bestowed there on various churches and monasteries.

The piece of skull of Saint Akindynos was allotted to a lord of Franche-Comte, long a part of the kingdom of Burgundy. He was, probably, a Sire de Vadans. However that may be, the possessor of the relic presented it to the Cistercian Abbey of Rosieres, a rich monastery which is entirely destroyed, but which stood in what is now the canton of Arbois.

The piece of the skull was carefully preserved in the abbey of Franche Comte. It is mentioned in an inventory of the property of the convent made in 1714. In the time of the Revolution the relic of Rosieres disappeared with the abbey and the church. The monks were dispersed, the monuments destroyed, the precious objects sent to the melting pot. From that time to this nothing was ever heard of the skull of Saint Akindynos until recently, when it was discovered in a remarkable way.

The parish priest of a little commune in the vicinity of Rosieres, the Abbe Guichard, an archæologist of reputation, in some excavations he had made among a mass of wood-ashes contained in an old salt-pit, 1m. 50c. under ground, found the bone of the saint, with the silver plate still affixed to it. The Abbe Guichard, enlightened as to the value of his discovery by Mr. Gauthier, sent the relic to me.

The fragment of skull is a portion of the left parietal fossa. The silver plate, a work of the tenth century, is of circular form. On it is engraved the bust of the saint, with his name written in Greek characters. The figure is that of a young man; the hair is long, the beard pointed. The plate is fastened to the skull by four little bands of metal and eight nails. G. S.

A GENTLEMAN in New York about to pass into a public library with two ladies found that he had a freshly-lighted cigar to dispose of. There was a pleasant-looking young lad near the door, and he asked him to hold the weed until he returned. The boy consented. When the gentleman came out, he was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he gave him some cents, saying, "Don't you smoke?" "Yes," replied the boy. "How is it you didn't made off with this cigar, then? Many boys would have done it," said the gratified gentleman. "I don't know about that," rejoined the youth. "It must be a pretty hard-pushed boy who'd run away with such a cigar as that." The ladies tittered, but the gentleman didn't.

WIFE—"The price of the clock was only $10, but I got a discount, so it cost me only $8." Husband—"Yes, but you could have got the same thing at Beezle's for $5." "That may be, but then Beezle wouldn't have taken off anything."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Many ravissantes home toilettes are made with the Eton or bolero jackets, which the French consider "strop coquette" to be yet laid aside. The blouses are made in silks, crepons, lace, etc., a favorite fabric being white mousseline de soie, striped with yellow Valenciennes lace and tiny heading tucks. Some of the jackets are sleeveless and are covered by a jet of chenille embroidery studded with large jet beads; others have large collar and revers of embroidered silk or velvet—white silk embroidered with gold is particularly dainty—and bouffant puffs on leg o' mutton sleeves, with cuffs to correspond with the revers.

A very novel toilette is composed of a willow green velvet skirt and chiffon waist in a lighter shade of the same color. The skirt is fashioned on Paquin's model, and is edged by a broad band of rich cream guipure. A detached motif of the lace is appliqué to the top of each godet plait in the back.

The bodice is accordion-plaited and striped with three bands of lace, extending, one from the centre of each shoulder and one from the neck, to the waist line. The puff sleeves are accordion-plaited and stamped en suite, and may have lower manches of velvet. The full collar and belt are of velvet, and an inner collar band of chiffon, with points falling over the velvet, may be added, if desired.

This gown may be easily varied by the addition of a sleeveless bolero in velvet to match the skirt.

A blue velvet jacket, designed to be worn with a skirt of black satin, is close-fitting, and has a full fluted basque, rounded at the corners in front. It has large, round collar and slashed revers of the velvet, and gigot sleeves of the same material. The full vest and collar-band are of cream lace, the former terminated at the waist line by a straight velvet belt, with cut steel buckle. Below the revers the jacket is adorned with three large steel buttons on either side.

Silks and flowered satins in large old time patterns have come into fashion again, and furs have developed possibilities of elegance and style in cut and fit which have never been known before. The furriers have become so skilled in the art of managing them that almost every advantage of style is given to the figure as with more pliable materials. The bodice, worn with a cloth or silk skirt and sleeves, is one of the season's fancies, and entire dresses are made of sealskin and carcul. In contrast are the delightful gauzes and chiffons which the year has produced and combined with every other material on the list with such charming effect. And crepon has unfolded like flowers, with all sorts of designs and color effects, which have increased its price and consequent demand. Trimmings are beaded and jewelled and spangled with renewed magnificence, and laces have assumed an importance in the fashionable world which has not been known since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

A stylish waist for a cream satin skirt trimmed around the bottom with sable tails, is made of turquoise-blue satin draped with ivory open work cloth, made elegant by an appliqué of steel and turquoise. Mauve satin with a rosy hue forms another pretty gown. The bodice is draped full with mauve silk muslin gathered closely around the neck and held up by shoulder straps of violet velvet, fastened at the waist with a velvet belt, and trimmed with velvet rosettes. A very stunning gown is of plain green cloth, made with a plain skirt, lined with cerise and green spot silk, and cut after the approved mode of the latest Parisian skirt, which is five and one-half yards around at the bottom and very closely-fitted over the hips. The bodice is of ivory-white satin, covered with perforated green cloth daintily embroidered, showing the white satin distinctly through the openings, and trimmed with beaver and a jabot of cream lace down the front. A little touch of color is given by a cerise velvet collar.

Another pretty cloth dress is made of black nibeline. The skirt opens at intervals all around, showing a petticoat of rose velvet trimmed with lace at the bottom. And the cloth waist opens in front, zouave fashion, over a full vest of the rose velvet, where it is finished on the edge with an appliqué of lace. A striking and rather unusual mode is carried out in plain petunia cloth, trimmed with sable or mink. The full under bodice is of petunia brocaded silk, shot with green and powdered with yellow spots. The upper parts of the waist is of petunia velvet, cut in deep points in front and trimmed on the edge with fur. The collar is of velvet, and the cuffs also, with a band of fur around them. Black crepon with irregular markings is the most popular material for street dresses. The skirts are generally plain, and a pretty bodice for afternoon wear is with the sides—extending well on to the front and back—of rose pink satin covered with black lace. A narrow strip of the crepon, plain in the back and full in front, completes the waist, with a black satin collar, bows on the shoulders, and a satin belt. An example of another of the season's elegances is shown in a black velvet gown trimmed with bands of fur and satin appliqué embroidery. The cape falls in full folds to correspond with the skirt, is trimmed with the same appliqué, and has a large fulled band of satin on the shoulder.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

To Cure Baldness.—Cologne water two ounces; tincture of cantharides two drachms; oil of lavender or rosemary, of each ten drops. These applications must be used twice a day for three or four weeks, but if the scalp become sore, they must be discontinued for a time, or used at longer intervals. When the hair falls off from diminished action of the scalp, preparations of cantharides are excellent. The following will cause the hair to grow faster than any other preparation: beef marrow soaked in several waters, melted and strained, half a pound; tincture of cantharides (made by soaking for a week one drachm of powdered cantharides in one ounce of proof spirit), one ounce; oil of bergamot twelve drops.

Phosphorus Paste.—Melt one pound of lard, with a very gentle heat, in a large mouthed bottle or other vessel plunged into warm water; then add half an ounce of phosphorus, and one pint of proof spirit; cork the bottle securely, and as it cools shake it frequently, so as to mix the phosphorus uniformly; when cold pour off the spirit (which may be preserved for the same purpose), and thicken the mixture with flour. Small portions of this paste may be placed near the rat holes, and being luminous in the dark it attracts them, is eaten greedily, and is certainly fatal.

Pomatums.—For making pomatums, the lard, fat, suet, or marrow used, must be carefully prepared by being melted with as gentle a heat as possible, skimmed and cleared from the dregs which are deposited on standing. Take mutton suet, prepared as above, one pound; lard three pounds; carefully melted together, and stirred constantly as it cools, two ounces oil bergamot being added just after lifting the pomade from the fire. Hard Pomade.—Mutton suet and lard each one pound; white wax, four ounces; oil of bergamot one ounce.

Indelible Marking Ink.—Dissolve separately one ounce of nitrate of silver, and one and a half ounces of sub-carbonate of soda, (best washing soda) in rain water. Mix the solutions, and collect and wash the precipitate in a filter; while still moist rub it up in a marble or hard wood mortar with three drachms of tartaric acid; add two ounces of rain water, mix six drachms white sugar, and ten drachms of powdered gum arabic, half an ounce of archil and water to make up six ounces in measure.

Cement for Broken China, Glass, etc.—The following recipe, from experience, we know to be a good one, and, being nearly colorless, it possesses advantages which liquid glue and other cements do not: Dissolve half an ounce of gum acacia in a wineglass of boiling water; add plaster of Paris sufficient to form a thick paste, and apply with a brush to the parts required to be cemented together.

Sprained Ankle or Wrist.—Wash the ankle very frequently with cold salt and water, which is far better than warm vinegar or decoctions of herbs. Keep the foot as cool as possible to prevent inflammation, and sit with it elevated on a high cushion. Live on low diet, and take every day some cooling medicine such as Epsom salts. It cures in a few days.

Best Blacking for Boots and Shoes.—Ivory black one and a half ounces, molasses one and a half ounces, sperm oil three drachms, strong oil of vitriol three drachms, common vinegar half a pint. Mix the ivory black, molasses and vinegar together, then mix the sperm oil and oil of vitriol separately, and add them to the other mixture.

Diarrhœa and Cramps.—Two parts tincture camphor, tincture opium, tincture African Cayenne, essence peppermint, one part tincture rhubarb. Mix Dose—Half teaspoonful for an adult, and from five to ten drops for a child. Repeat the dose in fifteen minutes if the patient is not relieved. Bathe the bowels with strong vinegar.

Liquid Glue.—Dissolve one ounce of borax in a pint of boiling water; add two ounces of shellac, and boil in a covered vessel until the lac is dissolved. This forms a very useful and cheap cement, and withstands damp much better than the common glue.

When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap in a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it a half hour; then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water; wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

Wens.—Take the yolks of eggs, beat up, and add as much fine salt as will dissolve, and apply a plaster to the wen every ten hours. It cures without pain or any inconvenience.

To take Marking Ink out of Linen.—A saturated solution of cyanuret of potassium, applied with a camel's hair brush. After the marking ink disappears, the linen should be well washed in cold water.

Cut or Bruise.—Apply the moist surface of the inside coating or skin of the shell of a raw egg. It will adhere of itself, leave no scar, and heal without pain.

Freckles.—Muriate of ammonia half a drachm, lavender water two drachms, rain water half a pint. Applied with a sponge two or three times a day.

Sore and Weak Eyes.—Sulphate of zinc three grains; tincture of opium ten drops, water two ounces. To be applied three or four times a day.

Cake is made lighter if inverted to cool.

When in want of a good liniment, buy Salvation Oil, which costs only 25 cents.

THE SHADOW OF AN ASS.—On one occasion when Demosthenes, the greatest of Greek orators, was addressing a public meeting of Athenians, he was hissed and denied a further hearing. Saying he had but a short story to tell them, they all became silent. Then he told them how a young man had hired an ass to carry him from Athens to Megara, how during the noon-day heat he was desirous of resting in the shade of the shadow cast by the ass, but that the owner of the ass refused to allow him to do so, for that he had lent the ass, but not its shadow, which he wanted to use for his own comfort, and how the hirer answered that since he had hired the ass, what belonged to the ass was his also. At this point Demosthenes pretended he was going away, but the crowd shouted out that they wished to hear the end of the tale, Whereupon Demosthenes rebuked them, asked what they were so eager to hear about the shadow of an ass, but would not listen to things of much more importance? Then he went on with his speech without further interruption, forgetting, moreover, to finish his story. And so who had the right of it in the matter at issue between the owner and the hirer of the ass had never been decided from that day to this.

Grains of Gold.

The oldest, best, and truest ship of the line—Friendship.

No man is good who behaves himself simply because he has to.

It is well to hope for success, but much better to deserve it.

It does not take the last drink to make a drunkard—but the first.

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

The thing most dangerous is the one that does most to make us selfish.

A melancholy race—The tears running down the furrows of old age.

The hardest kind of repentance to bring about is repentance for popular sins.

There is always something coming to us, but it is not always just what we prefer.

No tree can become so great that it can get along without the help of its smallest roots.

Nothing will bring barrenness to the soul like looking at everything through money.

If you don't know from experience, that it is more blessed to give than to receive, you had better try it.

To accustom the young to be and to do is even more important than to induce them to learn and to know.

No matter what sort of emotional tempest you may have experienced, your heart is not pure unless your life is clean.

Some eloquent preachers are like those fine artists who paint windows, and thereby obscure, and in too many instances exclude the light.

Holy music reveals to the souls of men a past which they never have known, and a futurity which in this life at least, they can never know.

Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you who you are; if I know what it is with which you occupy yourself, I know what you may become.

Oh! do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death!

Railroad employees all believe in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old standby.

Femininities.

Old Crusty says that the average woman can make better excuses than she can bread.

A ham is greatly improved if after boiling it is wrapped in buttered paper and baked for an hour.

Blanche: "Clara is deeply interested in hypnotism." Lucy: "Yes. She's 29, and she isn't engaged yet."

A woman arrested in Fond du Lac for masquerading in men's clothes had a curling iron in her pistol pocket.

Miss Chicago: "You never loved him. Then why did you marry him?" Mrs. Northshore: "Force of habit."

New boarder, shivering: "This stove is too small for this room. Landlady, kindly: "So it is. I'll have it moved into a smaller room for you."

The woman who was to play "Lady Macbeth" in a Topeka amateur show quit it cold because she wasn't allowed big sleeves in her sleep-walking robe.

A Chicago Judge has decided that a pickpocket is not guilty of any crime if caught with his hand in another man's pocket if there was nothing to steal.

A man breathes twenty times a minute, except, when he is about to put the important question to his best girl. Then he breathes twenty times a second.

In the new mosque at Tripoli, Syria, there are three hairs from the prophet Mohammed's beard. They were given by the Sultan, and are kept in a golden box.

A peddler was selling a patent coffee pot warranted to make good coffee, in Parsons, Kan., and one boarding-housekeeper got one for Christmas from each of her boarders.

William: "I hear that Charley Dogson is a great mimic. They say he can take off anything." Arthur: "That explains it. I couldn't imagine where my umbrella had gone."

Dora: "How do you like my new slippers?" Cora: "Fine! I shall have to get a pair like them." Dora: "I am afraid you are too late. When I got these yesterday, there were no larger sizes left."

A Texas man shot his wife while she was making bread. At his trial the plea of self-defense was urged. He was convicted, however, as the law held that he was not compelled to eat the bread if he did not want to.

There are plenty inconveniences about being a queen. The Regent of Spain, for example, cannot take a walk with her little royal son because she has been warned that if she does there will be a double assassination.

A wonderful corn husker lives at Yellow Springs, Ohio. She is a woman, about fifty, a widow, and her name is Mrs. Mary Taylor. She can husk more corn from the shock in the field than any two men in that neighborhood.

At Copenhagen, N. Y., a young woman who seized a thief and held him until the police came, was presented with a diamond brooch and a flattering letter of thanks from the Director of Police, and received an offer of marriage from a well-known journalist.

The report that Queen Victoria was suffering from a diminution of eyesight has resulted in her receiving many letters of condolence and regret that such should be the case. Aside from this affliction and her inability to walk, the Queen is said to be in very good health.

He stood by his cold hearthstone and pressed both hands to his throbbing temple, while his glaring eyeballs rolled wildly. Poised in mid air, he saw a straw-colored dog with a blue tail; coiled upon the table was a bow-legged snake with a crimson tongue, while from his slippers peered green turtles, who wagged their horrid heads. "Got 'em again!" groaned the victim. But it was not so. His wife had been to the Japanese village, and had not returned empty-handed.

Masculinities.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

"This is what I call solid comfort," was the remark of the young husband when he partook of his wife's first sponge-cake.

The Archbishop of York, England, has requested his clergy to refrain from giving the church's blessing to marriages of divorced persons.

A citizen of Burlington, Vt., recently came into possession of the original letter written by Ethan Allen in which was announced the capture of Fort Ticonderoga.

The Marquis of Lorne has incurred the displeasure of the English royal family for his presumption in connecting himself as active partner in a firm of house decorators in London.

Lord Rosebery, the English Premier is a great student of the Bible. In a speech which he made a short time ago he quoted from the Bible seven times, Shakespeare twice and Aristotle once.

In health and during exercise the average man has about 20 respirations a minute, and 40 cubic inches are inhaled at each respiration; in an hour 48,000 cubic inches of air will be inspired.

Mrs. Jacobs: "Eva, you know we expect the new lodger to-night. Is the family Bible put away?" Eva: "Better than that, ma; I have left one of my photographs in his room accidentally and marked it November 5, 1894, aged nineteen."

An official rat catcher has been appointed by the Liverpool City Council. He is to begin with St. John's Market, which he is to clear of rats for $150, and after such clearance to "keep the market clear of rats for the sum of $100 per annum."

Mrs. Brown is much given to gadding. She is everlastingly on the streets, while Colonel Brown is much given to staying at home and smoking his pipe. "I believe you love your old pipe more than you do me," she remarked, indignantly. "My pipe doesn't go out as often as you do."

Emperor William's love for music is not a new development. When a student at the University of Bonn he studied the violin as a surprise to his parents, and the late Emperor Frederick was so pleased that he declared that the young man "ought to be a Kapelmeister."

Family physician: "Well, I must congratulate you." Patient, quite excited: "I shall recover?" Family physician: "Not exactly, but—well, after consultation, we find that your disease is entirely novel, and, if the autopsy should demonstrate that fact, we have decided to name it after you."

Mary M. Seeley and Jason Hodges, of Provincetown, Cape Cod, were engaged to be married for thirty three years. The engagement was broken recently because Jason pulled a corkscrew out of his pocket along with his handkerchief. Miss Seeley says she is glad the discovery was made, because she had had her suspicions for thirty five years.

It is said that the late Hans von Bulow left directions that a post-mortem examination of his brain should be made to ascertain the cause of the excruciating headache from which he was a life-long sufferer. The autopsy revealed the fact that the end of the nerves had become embedded in a scar of an injury to the brain that he had received in childhood.

The death of "The Blind Woman of Manzanares" has attracted wide attention in Spain, where she was known from one end of the country to the other. She was a poet and had a remarkable talent for writing begging verses, describing her misery. Many of the poems are beautiful, and the author enjoyed a large income. She was said to be one of the best reciters in Spain, and many of the most famous men in that country made pilgrimages to her home to hear her. Queen Isabella gave her a pension years ago, and she left about $60,000.

Humorous.

He knows that she owned a couple of farms. And he said, as he trifled her light in the arms:

"This evening I'll make."

The servant overhead must, as she saw the situation,

Remember, as she threw her handle to her face:

"For the maid's sake."

Every bonnet has a bird in it.

Hard words—Tombstone inscriptions.

Goes for nothing—The man with a pass.

A polished delivery—Cuffs and collars from the laundry.

Behind the bars—The singer that does not keep up with the accompaniment.

Money and trouble are something alike. People will borrow rather than not have them.

Question for debating clubs: Can a man, while asleep in the daytime have the nightmare?

Student A.: "I dreamt last night I had sent you ten marks." Student B.: "And how you would like it back again, I suppose?"

Jones: "I saw a fellow yesterday with a cork thermometer." Brown: "How did you know it was cork?" Jones: "It must have been. It was in a draft."

Dyspepsia specialist, irritably: "But, madam, you must chew your food. What were your teeth given you for?" Female patient calmly: "They weren't given to me. I bought 'em."

Candidate: "You have not any doubt as to my character have you?" Voter: "No, no, of course not." "Then why won't you vote for me?" "Because I have no doubt as to your character."

Jones, speaking of his friend, the editor about the Genii of Brown, the millionaire: "How much is he worth, I wonder?" Editor absent mindedly: "Not much. Not more than a quarter of a column, at the outside."

Mrs. Burns: "I have two boys, and loves them both tenderly. Jack, the younger, said: 'Mamma, I love you more than you do the.' 'I think not, my dear. But why do you think so?' 'Because you have two children and I have only one mother.'"

A lady who suffers agony with teeth, and yet has a horror of dentists, rang the bell at her dentist house the other day with some hesitation. A frightened servant answered it. "Mistress is not in," he says. "All, what good fortune!" exclaims the patient visibly relieved.

Applicant for position: "I have here a letter of recommendation from my minister." Head of the house: "That's very good so far as it goes, but we won't need your services on Sundays. Have you any endorsements from anybody who knows you the other six days of the week?"

"Don't you take a little sleep after dinner?" asked Samuel Lucy of Moses Solomon, being. "I shake a little rest when I'm a vile, but not every day." "Vy don't you make a rest every day?" "Because my vife don't go to sethleep every day. Vot she gives to sethleep, dot I gets my rest, but not otherwise."

A traveler for a firm of wine merchants gives a terrible account of the intense cold in Sweden. "In Stockholm the day before I left I attended a performance at the theatre. It was a tragedy. Everybody wept, but it was so terribly cold that the tears of the spectators in the upper galleries fell like hailstones among the occupants of the pit."

A little friend of mine who recently went to the palace where his grandfather had been buried a few weeks previously—a lonely spot on the edge of a grassy wood in Lincolnshire. "Is this heaven, mamma?" whispered the little fellow, tearfully. "No, dear, this is a graveyard." "Well," returned the little fellow thoughtfully, "I is glad it isn't. You said the grandpa had gone to heaven, and I thought that this was the place."

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OF BOTH HANDS.

MAN is not only a biped without feathers, according to the definition of Plato, but is also the being which possesses the best organized, the most supple, the most adroit hand; and it is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the exact part which this hand has played in the history of civilization. While, however, the hand in an admirably supple and varied tool, we know that of the two copies of that tool which every being possesses, the one has a notable advantage over the other. Why? This question has been often put. The discussion about it is still going on and will doubtless last for a long time to come. What cause favors the right hand, and what determines occasionally the preponderance of the left hand?

With the discussion of these questions Sir Daniel Wilson, President of the University of Toronto, has filled a volume of more than two hundred pages. To establishing the fact of the immense preponderance of right-handedness now and in past times, he seems to us to have given more space than is necessary. According to the anatomist, Hyrtl, of Vienna, the proportion of left-handed people among the civilized races of Europe is two in a hundred. Sir Daniel, who is left-handed himself, regards his left-handedness as congenital; but while some have from birth a marked inclination to use one hand, others have an equally marked inclination to use the other; among the majority, however, there is no very marked inclination either way, and their right-handedness is the result of education. Incessantly parents direct their children to use the right hand rather than the left. As soon as the child begins to use his hands to gr[illegible]y his wants, he is taught to take his spoon in his right hand. Besides the structure of very many articles makes the use of the left hand awkward. Later on, children are taught to write with the right hand, which receives a special education by the occurrences of each day. Sir Daniel Wilson himself, he tells us, has learned to write with the right hand, without finding any particular difficulty therein. He uses the left hand, however, to write on a slate, or when he uses chalk, or his pen-knife, and his brush. He holds his spoon and his table-knife in his right; but when he is tired or has a bit of meat hard to cut, he instinctively takes the knife in his left hand. If he desires to use more than common force—as to drive a nail or give a blow with the fist—or if he is doing something which requires extraordinary delicacy, he makes use of the left hand.

Among famous left handed people, some deserve special mention, as, for instance, Leonardo da Vinci and Holbein, who have demonstrated by their master-pieces, that the left hand is naturally in no wise inferior to the right.

Let us admit with Sir Daniel Wilson that, outside of the majority with whom right-handedness is a matter of education, there is a minority with whom right-handedness and left-handedness is the result of a very strong and persistent natural tendency. What is the cause of this one-sided tendency; why does it vary, and why is it not found in every human being?

In the answers to these questions theories abound. Sir Charles Bell attributes right-handedness to the greater force of the right side of the body. Is this force, however, a cause or a result? Does the right hand predominate because it is more used, or is it more used because it is naturally predominant?

Other say that man is right-handed when his viscera occupy the normal position, and that he is left-handed when there is a transposition of the viscera, because the transposition favors the circulation of the left side. To this theory there is but one objection, which is that the theory is not justified by the facts.

DON'T.—Under this name is a small work intended to supply hints for the guidance of those wishing to be correct in matters social. The book ends with a chapter addressed to women, which, as our girls may be interested in reading it, we herewith reprint for their edification or amusement.

Don't over-trim your gowns or other articles of apparel. The excess in trimmings on woman's garments, now so common, is a taste little less than barbaric, and evinces ignorance of the principles of beauty, which always involve simplicity as a cardinal virtue. Apparel piled with furbelows or similar adjuncts, covered with ornaments, and garnished up and down with ribbons, is simply made monstrous thereby, and is not of a nature to please the eyes of gods or men. Leave excesses of all kinds to the vulgar.

Don't submit servilely to fashion. Believe in your own instincts and the looking-glass rather than the dicta of the mantua-makers, and modify modes to suit your personal peculiarities. How is it possibly for a tall woman and a short woman to wear garments of the same style without one or the other being sacrificed?

Don't forget that no face can be lovely when exposed to the full glare of the sun. A bonnet should be so constructed as to cast the features partially in shade, for the delicate half-shadows that play in the eyes and come and go on the cheek give to woman's beauty one of its greatest charms. When fashion thrusts the bonnet on the back of the head, defy it; when it orders the bonnet to be perched on the nose, refuse to be a victim of its tyranny.

Don't wear at home faded or spotted gowns, or soiled finery, or anything that is not neat and appropriate. Appear at the breakfast table in some perfectly pure and delicate attire—fresh, cool, and delicious, like a newly plucked flower. Dress for the pleasure and admiration of your family.

Don't cover your fingers with finger-rings. A few well-chosen rings give elegance and beauty to the hand; a great number disfigure it, while the ostentation of such a display is peculiarly vulgar. And what are we to say when many ringed fingers show a neglect of the wash-basin?

Don't wear ear rings that draw down the lobe of the ear. A well-shaped ear is a handsome feature; but an ear misshapen by the weight of its trinkets is a thing not pleasant to behold.

Don't wear diamonds in the morning, or to any extent except upon dress occasions. Don't wear too many trinkets of any kind.

Don't supplement the charms of nature by the use of the color-box. Fresh air, exercise, the morning bath, and proper food will give to the cheek nature's own tints, and no other have any true beauty.

Don't permit your voice to be high and shrill. Cultivate those low and soft tones which in the judgment of all ages and all countries constitute one of the charms of woman.

Don't give yourself wholly to the reading of novels. An excess of this kind of reading is the great vice of womankind. Good novels are good things, but how can women hope to occupy an equal place with men if their intellectual life is given to one branch of literature solely?

Don't publicly kiss every time you come together or part. Consider the aggravation to men, and the waste—and remember that public displays of affection are in questionable taste.

Don't use terms of endearment when you do not mean them. The word dear in the mouths of women is often nothing more than a feminine way of spelling detestable.

Don't, on making a call, keep talking about your departure, proposing to go and not going. When you are ready to go, say so, and then depart.

Don't make endless adieux in leaving friends. The woman who begins at the top of the stairs, and overflows with farewells and parting admonitions every step on the way down, and repeats them a hundred times at the door, simply maddens the man who is her escort, be he her husband or lover. Be persuaded, ladies, to say "good-bye" once or twice, and have done with it.

Don't forget to thank the man who surrenders his seat in the car or omnibus, or who politely passes up your fare. Sweet thanks from a woman are ample compensation for any sacrifice a man may make in such cases, or any trouble to which he may be put.

Don't carry your parasol or umbrella when closed so as to endanger the eyes of every one who comes near you. Don't, when in a public vehicle, thrust those articles across the passage so as to trip up the heedless or entangle the unwary.

Don't be loud of voice in public places. A retiring modest demeanor may have ceased to be fashionable, but it is as much a charm in women, to-day as it ever was.

Don't nag. The amiability of woman, in view of all they are subjected to from unsympathetic and brutal man, deserves great praise, but sometimes——Let it not be written!

Don't, young ladies, giggle, or affect merriment when you feel none. If you reward a bon mot with a smile, it is sufficient. There are young woman who every time they laugh cover their faces with their hands, or indulge in some other violent demonstration—to whom we say don't.

RIDICULE AND REPARTEE.—The fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too prompt reply, can never be too seriously or too severely condemned. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is unpolite. Women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief for him that is wounded, to reflect that the hand which shot it was a fair one.

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m. 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m. 1.30, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.
Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—4.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m.
For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.
For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.
For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.
For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.
Parlor Cars on all express trains.
Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.
Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.
Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.
Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

"I wept when I was born, and every day shows why," said

A House-keeper — who didn't use

SAPOLIO

Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes

"Ah! Ah!" Cried the Housewife, "The Secret I know, no DIRT can resist SAPOLIO."

"Oh! Oh!" Cried the DIRT, "At length I must go, I cannot withstand SAPOLIO."